THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

APRIL, 1801.

SKETCH

OF THE MEMOIRS OF

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours.

'Twas thus with GILES: meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his steps pursu'd,
His life was constant cheerful servitude.
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book,
And as revolving SEASONS chang'd the scene,
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Though every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy!

FARMER'S BOY.

WITH pleasure we sit down to sketch a character who, by natural talent and unaffected simplicity, has attracted the attention of mankind. It is no uncommon thing for individuals, whose education has been ably conducted, and whose emulation has been powerfully excited, to display that blaze of genius which rouses us into a pleasing astonishment. But to observe a young person rising above every untoward circumstance, even in spite of the disadvantages with which labour and poverty are attended,

this is a phenomenon of rare occurrence, and therefore particularly calculated to draw forth our admiration.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD was born December 3, 1766, at Honington, about eight miles from Bury, in Suffolk. His father was a taylor, and died during his infancy. The mother earned her livelihood by keeping a school, in which of course her own children were instructed. Thus he learnt to read—an acquisition which, however humble, lies at the foundation of every species of learning. His writing was obtained at another school, where he staid only a few months, so that his advantages were literally few and inconsiderable. And we hear of no other of the kind which he afterwards enjoyed.

He had reached his seventh year, when his mother again married—and he was eleven years old when he left his home, being consigned over to the care of Farmer Austin, of Sapiston, a village near Honington. This master took him into his house, and treated him with kindness. The mother had now no expence with him, excepting the article of cloaths—but Mr. Austin soon remarked, that "he was so small of his age that he was not likely to get his living by hard labour."

At this period his brother, Mr. G. Bloomfield, informed his mother that he was disposed to take him, and teach him to make shoes—whilst another brother promised to cloath him. Upon this proposal, the mother brought him herself in a coach to London, 28th June, 1791, where she delivered him over to the care of Mr. G. Bloomfield—saying, "she never should have been happy if she had not put him herself into his hands." Nor did this satisfy her maternal affection. She even charged her son, to whom she consigned him, that every due attention should be paid to his welfare and felicity. Her words are too remarkable to be forgotten:—"As you value a mother's blessing—watch over him—set good examples for him—and never forget that he has lost his father!" This advice appears to have been followed, and attended with its usual good effects. It were fervently

to be wished, that *all* parents were equally solicitous for the well-doing of their children. This would be the means of securing their present and future felicity.

Mr. G. Bloomfield then lived in Bell-alley, Coleman-street. He wrote a narrative to Mr. Capel Lofft, of Robert's life—whence this account is taken—and here an interesting portion must be transcribed—"It is customary in such houses as are let to poor people in London, to have light garrets fit for mechanics to work in. In the garret, where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked, I received little Robert.

"As we were all single men, lodgers at a shilling per week each, our beds were coarse, and all things far from being clean and snug, like what Robert had left at Sapiston. Robert was our man, to fetch all things to hand. At noon he fetched our dinners from the cook's shop: and any one of our fellow workmen that wanted to have any thing fetched in, would send him, and assist in his work and teach him, for a recompense for his trouble.

"Every day when the boy from the public-house came for the pewter pots, and to hear what porter was wanted, he always brought the yesterday's newspaper. The reading of the paper we had been used to take by turns; but after Robert came, he mostly read for us, because his time was of least value.

"He frequently met with words that he was unacquainted with: of this he often complained. I one day happened at a book-stall to see a small Dictionary, which had been very ill-used. I bought it for him for 4d. By the help of this he in little time could read and comprehend the long and beautiful speeches of Burke, Fox, or North.

"One Sunday, after an whole day's stroll in the country, we by accident went into a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where a gentleman was lecturing. This man filled Robert with astonishment. The house was amazingly crowded with the most genteel people; and though we were forced to stand still in the aisle, and were much pressed, yet Robert al-

ways quickened his steps to get into the town on a Sunday evening soon enough to attend this lecture.

" The preacher lived somewhere at the west end of the town—his name was Fawcet. ' His language,' says Mr. G. Bloomfield, ' was just such as the Rambler is written in; his action like a person acting a tragedy; his discourse rational, and free from the cant of Methodism.'

" Of him Robert learned to accent what he called hard words; and otherwise improved himself; and gained the most enlarged notions of Providence."

A small mistake shall be here rectified. Mr. FAWCETT did not live at the west end of the town. He preached in the morning at Walthamstow, where he resided. He has now for some time declined preaching, and is retired into the country. His lectures at the Old Jewry, the writer of this article attended, and he well remembers those beautiful strokes of oratory by which the imagination of Robert was so much delighted and improved.

At this time the subject of our Memoir frequented the Debating Society at Coachmaker's Hall, and went a few times to Covent-Garden Theatre. The Review of the London Magazine also was a favourite topic of perusal—and the poetical department in that publication cherished and excited his love of poetry. He therefore sat down and wrote his *Milkmaid*, on the first of May. For a poem, written in his sixteenth year, it is wonderful—it exhibits the same selection of sentiment and delicacy of expression by which his subsequent productions have been distinguished.

About this period he became acquainted with Thomson's *Seasons*—of which performance he was most devoutly enamoured. He is known to have spoken more highly of that work than of any other which had engaged his attention.

In 1784, a question was agitated between the shoemakers—whether those who had learnt without an *apprenticeship* could follow the trade. This dispute was carried to great lengths, and Robert was involved in

the contest. He, however, at last thought proper to leave London, and to go back to his former situation in the country. Mr. Austin, the farmer, kindly received him, and here for two months he indulged his rural love and rural simplicity. The spirit of the *Seasons*, which he had read with so much rapture, now animated him. He wandered through the fields with a poet's eye, caught the inspiration of nature, and produced those glowing images of rustic life in his *Farmer's Boy*, which will not fail of conveying his name to a distant generation!

He, however, again soon returned to London, and was bound to Mr. Dudbridge by Mr. Ingram, of Bell-Alley. His master acted towards him very honourably—and here he learnt his business, in a manner against which there could be no future exceptions.

In December, 1790, Robert married a young woman from Woolwich, by whom he has three children. To use his brother's words respecting him—"Like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to get houshold stuff afterwards. It took him some years to get out of ready furnished lodgings. At length, by hard working, &c. he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs at No. 14, Bell-Alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light *garret*, two pair of stairs higher. In this *garret*, amid six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing the *Farmer's Boy*."

This latter circumstance may, without exaggeration, be pronounced wonderful — for such is the divine energy of genius, that it bursts through every impediment, shining forth with a peculiar effulgence and glory! The *Farmer's Boy* was published in 1799, under the immediate superintendence and patronage of Capel Lofft, Esq. a gentleman well known in the republic of letters. His discernment enabled him instantly to perceive the merits of the poem, and his benevolence induced him to bring its author forward with a distinguished degree of liberality.

The production soon attracted the attention of the public—its sale rapidly increased—and the poet was noticed and carressed by some of the most respectable characters among us.

"It is pleasing to think (says Mr. Loft), on a remark of Mr. G. Bloomfield concerning his brother, when he first came to London—"I have him in my mind's eye a little boy, not bigger than other boys generally are at twelve years old. When I met him and his mother at the inn (in Bishopsgate-street), he strutted before us dressed just as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, &c. his shoes filled full of stumps in the heels. He, looking about, slipped---his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up—how small he was. I little thought that little fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected, the wisest, and the best men in the kingdom!"

The profits have been large; and Mr. Bloomfield intends prosecuting his business (ladies' shoemaker) as a master, either in London or the country. We wish him every success. We hope also, that his prosperity will have no injurious effect upon his disposition or his manners. Poor *Burns* is a memorable instance on record—and his fate suggests an useful lesson to individuals similarly circumstanced. The human mind sometimes cannot bear sudden changes—they irritate and overwhelm—they destroy that equanimity of soul which lies at the foundation of virtue and piety.

Of the *Farmer's Boy* we have already spoken fully, in our REVIEW for *January*, to which the reader is respectfully referred. Another volume of poems is, we understand, in contemplation. May it confirm and perpetuate his *well-earned* fame down to the latest posterity!

As by way of motto we chose Mr. Bloomfield's account of himself, under the title of *Giles*, we shall close the narrative with the concluding lines of the poem, in which the four seasons of the year, spring,

summer, autumn, and winter, are so beautifully described :—

"E'en GILES, for all his cares and watchings past,
And all his contests with the wintry blast,
Claims a full share of that sweet praise bestow'd
By gazing neighbours, when along the road,
Or village green, his curly-coated throng
Suspends the chorus of the spinner's song;
When admiration's unaffected grace
Lisps from the tongue, and beams in every face:
Delightful moments!—sunshine, health, and joy,
Play round, and cheer the elevated boy!
'*Another* SPRING!' his heart exulting cries!
'*Another* YEAR! with promis'd blessings rise!—
'ETERNAL POWER! from whom those blessings flow,
'Teach me still more to wonder, more to know:
'*Seed-time* and *harvest* let me see again;
'Wander the *leaf-strewn* wood, the *frozen* plain:
'Let the first flower, corn-waving field, plain, tree,
'Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE;
'And let me ever, midst thy bounties, raise
'An humble note of thankfulness and praise!"

LITERARY IMPOSTURE.

IN the first number of the present volume, we noticed a work entitled Travels in the Interior of Africa, &c. by C. F. Damberger, which has of late been pronounced an imposition upon the public.—We shall lay before our readers the substance of the affair.

Last year there appeared at Leipsick, a Journey to the East Indies, and in Egypt, performed by a Saxon artificer, named Joseph Schroeder. This traveller relates, among other wonders, that after having embarked at Pondicherry, on the 28th of April, 1797, and having assisted at a naval engagement near the coast of Africa, between the French and English, he was taken by the latter, and landed on the 16th of June, the same year, at Alexandria, where, the following year he was witness to the conquest of that

country by the French, &c. Notwithstanding a heap of lies, as gross as his rapid passage from Pondicherry to Alexandria, Schroeder found readers, and even encomiasts.

M. Paulus, the celebrated professor of Jena, and author of an excellent Supplement to Volney's Travels, did justice to this cheat, in the Literary Gazette of Jena. He exposed the imposture in the clearest manner, and no person defended it.

About the same time appeared another work, entitled Travels in Africa, Asia, and America, by Zachariah Taurinius, who was born at Cairo, 1758, was the son of a Copht, named Stirish, and who went by Constantinople to Riga, and from thence to Nuremberg, where he changed his name and religion. He then went to Wirtemberg, in Saxony, and became a journeyman printer.—M. Ebent, a professor in that town, and a man of merit besides, enriched his travels with a preface, which served as a certificate to Zacharias Taurinius. But though there was nothing absolutely impossible in the circumstance, that a native of Cairo should become a printer at Wirtemberg, the work itself presenting nothing but ill-selected, and ill-arranged extracts from Dampierre, Legenlil, Dapper, &c. which afforded the clearest proof that this author had never travelled, except in his closet.

Scarcely had the second volume of Taurinius appeared, when a proposal was made to Martini, a bookseller of Leipsick, to publish an account of a Journey made in Africa, by a carpenter's apprentice in Suabia, named Damberger, and who also was residing at Wirtemberg. M. Martini, wishing to take his precautions, went to Wirtemberg, there formed a personal acquaintance with Damberger, and saw the papers and certificates of every kind, which he exhibited; after which he thought he could no longer doubt that this new Anacharsis had, in reality, pushed his travels much farther than any of those who had attempted to penetrate into Africa.

M. Martini made him come to Leipsick, where he had several interviews and conversations with a geo-

grapher, employed to make a chart of his journey, and with a man of letters, who was to draw up his journal. Neither had any doubt of the truth of his assertions.

All the journals announced before-hand, the Travels of Damberger, as one of the most remarkable productions of the age. The booksellers of Paris and London, had the sheets sent to them, at a great expence, as they were printed.

An English bookseller, wishing to be before-hand with two of his brethren, who were entering into an agreement with him for the translation of Damberger, distributed these sheets among six translators. The French and English papers were filled with extracts from the Travels of Damberger. In France, great pains were taken to justify Le Vaillant, whom Damberger charged with falsehood.

Meantime, M. Paulus, the same who had unmasked Joseph Schroeder, and M. Meiners, a celebrated man of learning in Gottingen, published in the Literary Gazettes of Jena and of Gottingen, some accurate criticisms on these Travels, which evidently demonstrate, that the pretended Damberger was an impostor, of equal ignorance and effrontery.

M. Martini, informed of the opinion of those men of letters, who are best capable of judging on such a subject, collected new information, which suggested to him the idea of applying to the publishers of the Travels of Joseph Schroeder, and Zachary Taurinius, who, like himself, are booksellers at Leipsick. He compared the manuscripts of these two works, with that of his Damberger, and he recognised the same writing in the three manuscripts. He found means to prevail on the person whom he had known by the name of Damberger, to return to Leipsick. The latter being warmly pressed, at last acknowledged, that in reality, he was not Damberger, but, in fact, the self same Egyptian called Zachary Taurinius; that Schroeder, who is at present at Hamburgh, not knowing how to write, had employed him to draw up the account of his travels; that as to the last work, which

he was publishing, he borrowed the name of Damberger, because he had really known at the Cape a man of that name, and that he had made use of a Journal of Travels in Barbary St. Maroc, which this Damberger had left him, when he quitted him in Holland, whither he had accompanied him; and further, that Damberger, at present, lives in Surinam.

The explanations given verbally to M. Martini, and by writing to Messrs. Bertach and Boettiger, two literati of Weimar, could not deceive any body; but the object now was, who was the manufacturer of the books which have brought this pretended Taurinius into notice? whose letters, filled with errors in orthography and grammar, prove that he is nothing more than the instrument of some compiler, who has invented this truly ingenious method of disposing, to the best advantage, of his merchandize. An obscure *literateur* of Wirtemberg, whose name is Junge, is strongly suspected, because a part of the travels of Damberger are written in his hand. The circumstances of this intricate imposture cannot fail to be brought to light.

ACCOUNT OF

MISS ROBERTSON, THE FEMALE SWINDLER.

THIS notorious impostor lately resided at Blackheath, where she had the address to defraud various tradesmen of property to the amount of 20,000l.

Miss Robertson had a boarding-school on Croomhill two years, during which time she kept her carriage, and represented herself as heiress to several large estates, particularly to that of an uncle in Scotland, on whose demise she should come into possession of 100,000l. Under the impression of these high sounding appearances, she assumed all the consequence attached to birth, fortune, and expectations: and, from the manner of address, and

the lofty style which she assumed, the people in the neighbourhood of Blackheath and Greenwich really believed every thing she thought proper to advance. In May last she sent to a Mr. Creasy, of Greenwich, a man of property, by trade a currier, whom she informed that her uncle, Alexander Stuart Robertson, of Fascally, was dead, and begged he would accompany her to a respectable attorney, in Crane-court, Fleet-street, to arrange matters preparatory to her taking possession. Mr. Creasy complied, and went with her to the gentleman's house in question; Miss R. in stating the business to the attorney, desired he would make out a factory (the usual process for conveying Scotch property) for 1600l. a year on the estate of her late uncle, Alexander Stuart Robertson, of Fascally, and a bond for 5000l. to be drawn on the agent who had the superintendance of the estate, and who, she said, had been appointed to receive her rents. A few days after this transaction, she again sent to Mr. Creasy, and knowing him to be a man of property, asked him to lend her 2000l. until the settlement of her affairs at Fascally. Mr. Creasy not having the slightest suspicion of any part of what had been advanced being untrue, readily complied, and likewise recommended her to all the tradespeople in the town. Desirous of an elegant house, she fixed upon a very handsome one in the Paragon, which was in an unfinished state; this house she purchased on credit; and, through the recommendation of Creasy, engaged bricklayers, carpenters, and painters to finish the premises in the most expensive style imaginable; and ordered Mr. Driver, the nurseryman, to spare no expence of planting the shrubberies, and improving the pleasure-grounds. While these improvements were going forward, Miss Robertson set up three carriages, a coach, sociable, and post-chariot; and

while the house and grounds were finishing, she, and her sister, Miss Sharp (who lived with her), continued at Croom-hill, from whence they made frequent excursions to London; the latter end of June they set off for Brighton, where they figured away with four horses and outriders. The horses they had on job from a stablekeeper at Greenwich, and the carriages from different coachmakers in London.

On their return in August last, Miss Robertson, went to Hatchett's, and desired him to make her an elegant chariot, with silver mouldings, and raised coronets of the same. Mr. Hatchett treated his customer with much respect, and hastened to complete the order by the time promised, the queen's birth-day; her cousin, Mr. Secretary Dundas, intending on that day to introduce her at court. About this time the house was finished, but not furnished: having heard that Mr. Oakley, in Bond-street, was remarkable for the elegance of his ware-rooms, she applied to him through the medium of a man of respectability at Blackheath, and, from the representation made to Mr. Oakley, he agreed to furnish the house for 4000l. Things then went on in a very flourishing way; the drawing-rooms were painted in water-colours by one of the first artists in the kingdom; the walls in landscape, and the cieling composed of clouds, and appropriate devices. The looking-glasses to the floor were in burnished gold frames, richly carved, with statuary marble slabs, and molu ornaments. These six mirrors came to 1,100l. On the marble slabs in the principal drawing-room were placed a pair of Egyptian cande abras, the price of which was 200 guineas; the principal bed 500l. and every other article equally magnificent.

During the three months that the furnishing of the house was going forward, Mr. Oakley had fre-

quent conferences with his employer, Miss Robertson, when she frequently mentioned that she had great expectations from rich relations in India, and was continually receiving presents of great value. Among the number lately arrived was a marble chimney-piece, then lying at the India-house, worth, in that country, 1,100l. and added, that it was her intention to build a room on purpose to erect it in, adapted for balls or music. Mr. Oakley not being perfectly satisfied with appearances, requested, when half the order had been completed, the sum of 1,000l. Miss Robertson felt herself hurt, and said, if he had any doubts of having his money when her affairs were settled at Fascally, he might apply to her sister, Lady Paget, or to her cousin, the Bishop of London. "If you have any further doubts (added Miss Robertson), apply to Sir Richard Hill, who has known me from infancy. Sir Edward Law (the present attorney-general) can speak to my respectability." From these bold assertions Mr. Oakley proceeded with the order, but when nearly completed, he judged it proper to wait upon the Bishop of London and Sir Richard Hill; both these gentlemen said they had no farther knowledge of a Miss Robertson than by a card, which a person of that name had been in the habit of leaving at the houses of persons of distinction.

Upon this discovery in February last, Mr. Oakley took out a writ, and with proper officers, his own men, and several carts, went down to Blackheath, and laid in wait till nine o'clock, (being informed that Miss Robertson dined out), when the carriage came home, but no Miss Robertson. From this circumstance it appeared that she had received intimation of what was going forward, and would not return. Mr. Oakley, finding he could not take the body, contrived to get into the house, and let

in his men, who disrobed the mansion of its furniture by six o'clock the next morning, having worked hard all night. At nine o'clock in the morning came an execution, under virtue of which the remaining part of the property was sold by auction on the premises.

No discovery has yet been made as to the place of residence of this swindler. Mr. Pearce, haberdasher, of St. Paul's Church-yard, met her a short time since in Bishopsgate-street, dressed in man's cloaths and boots, with Miss Sharp leaning on her arm. — The following persons have been defrauded to a large amount: at Greenwich, the carpenter of 1,400l. the bricklayer of 900l. the painter and glazier of 700l. the stable-keeper, who lent the horses, of 300l. The nurseryman, for lawns and pleasure-grounds, of 400l. Mr. Clark, of Fleet-street, silversmith, a superb sideboard of plate. Messrs. Ord and Morris, and Mr. Pearce, of St. Paul's Church-yard, are among the number defrauded. A milliner, in Bond-street, for dresses and laces, of 260l.

This female Proteus pretended to great sanctity in religion, was a devotee, and attended several Presbyterian and other meetings, where she worked upon the christian bowels of the compassionate and liberal, by borrowing money in the way of loan, representing herself as a person of family in distressed circumstances. In person she is plain, much marked by the small-pox, about five feet two inches in height, insinuating in her manners, and speaks in an elevated tone of voice.

The following further particulars have transpired:—On leaving Blackheath, Miss Robertson, and her companion, Miss Sharp, set off in the mail coach for Devonshire. At Penzance, in Cornwall, they took up their residence at the hotel. Miss Sharp describing her *protegee* as a Madame Douglas,

who was a lady of large fortune in the north of England, travelling for the benefit of her health; that being of a recluse turn of mind, she wished to avoid travelling with a retinue, the care and anxiety attending which would more than counterbalance any comforts. Miss S. added, that her name was Sydenham, a distant relation of Madame Douglas, that being of minds congenial, they had resided together many years. This conversation passed between Miss S. and the landlady at the hotel, the motives for which were that all further inquiry might be prevented; but their conduct during the time of residence at the inn was so remarkable, they seldom going out till the evening, and then with deep veils over their faces, seeing no company, &c. that suspicion was excited.

The chambermaid over-hearing a conversation, wherein the names of Oakley and Creasy were frequently mentioned, immediately recollected the particulars which were published of the female swindler. On communicating the affair, a letter was written to Blackheath, but the next day the party decamped, after remaining only a week at that place. A writ was made out by Messrs. Martyr and Swinton, and sent down with proper officers to execute it, and, by indefatigable inquiry, Miss Robertson was traced to Huntingdon, and conducted to the county gaol, where, for the present we will leave her, trusting she will meet that punishment which her past conduct has so justly merited; and of which we shall be able to give a further account in a future number.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. L.]

THE WINTER's EVENING.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Come ev'ning once again, season of peace;
Return sweet ev'ning, and continue long!
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil,
To weaving nets for birds—alluring fruit
Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
When *they* command, whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still!

COWPER.

TO *Winter Evenings* we are now about to bid adieu, and hail the more cheerful seasons of the year! Nature possesses an engaging variety. Her revolutions, which are unceasing, are absolutely necessary to our welfare and felicity. Let us not, however, despise *winter*, which has its peculiar advantages, endearing it to the contemplative mind. Such was the soul of Cowper—and his muse has dwelt upon these advantages with his accustomed simplicity.

From this book we might select various passages of exquisite beauty. But we chuse to confine ourselves to the introductory part, where the *arrival of the post-boy*, and the *perusal of the newspaper*, are delineated with an interesting sensibility. First attend to the *arrival of the post-boy*:

Hark! tis the twanging horn, o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome, but needful length,
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her wrinkled face reflected bright;

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News, from all nations, lumbering at his back.
True to his charge the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent, whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheek
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh! the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again!

The reader will now be prepared for the subsequent paragraph, where *the reading of the newspaper* forms a pleasing part of the *Winter Evening's* entertainment. No individual can contemplate the picture without the liveliest emotions of joy:—

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful *Evening* in.
Not such his evening, who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage;
Nor his, who patient stands, till his feet throb,
And his head thumps to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles!
This *folio of four pages!* happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Tho' eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dextrous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders, lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is asham'd, and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice, and yet he begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks,

And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, olympian dews,
Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ethereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto with his air on end,
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread!

We shall only add *one paragraph more*, by which this masterly portrait will be completed:—

Tis pleasant, thro' the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates,
At a safe distance where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
Thus sitting and surveying, thus at ease,
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all!

We leave these specimens of a *Winter Evening* with our readers, persuaded that so faithful a delineation must yield grateful sensations of pleasure and delight.

MEMOIRS
OF
THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

(*Concluded from page* 234.)

MRS. ROBINSON had not thought of literature as a resource, either against the *tedium* of life, or for its wants, since the little attempt she had made when her husband was in prison. On her return to England, which was in 1788, she began those literary employments in which she continued to be engaged, till within a very few weeks

before her death, with a constancy, a spirit of enterprize and a degree of success, that cannot fail respectively to excite our astonishment, when we contemplate the disadvantages of a life, at one time too rudely pressed with misfortune, at another too much enervated with the refinements of luxury.

To the first edition of her poems, Mrs. Robinson had a subscription, that at once does honour to herself and the patronage she received. Six hundred persons of the highest rank or talents were her subscribers: many of whom took several copies, and others assisted her greatly beyond the amount of their subscriptions. Mrs. Robinson's beauty was still admired; her engaging manners were still remembered; her talents had already gained her that name, which men of genius often confer by conversation in literary circles, long before the favoured subject of their praise is known through the medium of publication. Mrs. Robinson, at this period, was little less an object of attention, a theme of fashion, than in the moment of her entire ascendancy in the gay world; and for this distinction she was indebted solely to her fascinating charms and genius, since her power was fled, and she was even then falling into the disrepute of comparative adversity.

There exists a literary anecdote that deserves to be noticed, as it marks most distinctly the adulation universally paid to Mrs. Robinson at the time we speak of. When the first edition of Mrs. Robinson's poems (those in two volumes) appeared, the Review bestowed on them a praise, not above their merits, but agreeing altogether with Mrs. Robinson's fashion and currency at that moment. When a subsequent edition appeared, their tone was lowered; but it had this consistency in it, that, though it was now below the merit of the work, it was on a level with the declining fortunes of Mrs. Robinson.

Let us review of some of the literary productions of Mrs. Robinson.—*The Poems, in two 8vo volumes*, which may justly be called Mrs. Robinson's first publication, are almost in every part characterized by the effusions of a rich genius; the sweetness and elegance of a polished taste; and the genuine language of sensibility. Among the most vigorous poems in that collection, are the following:—*Lines addressed to him who will understand them!* replete with passion.—A poem beginning with *Bounding billows cease thy motion*; often named with admiration by a gentleman who is at once among the finest of our poets, and the greatest of our orators. —And that most beautiful poem *The Maniac*; whose merit led the celebrated author of *The Minstrel* to seek an introduction to Mrs. Robinson, at Bath, where they both happened to be soon after its publication.

The Legitimate Sonnets are remarkable for their tenderness, and the harmony of their versification; but have not the strength of most of Mrs. Robinson's other poems.

The little volume containing the three poems entitled, *Sight*; *the Cavern of Woe*; and *Solitude*; has several passages of the purest fire, the boldest thought, and the richest imagery.

But *the Lyrical Tales* are, perhaps, the most delightful of Mrs. Robinson's compositions. Almost every poem in that small volume is a treasure to the heart of the imagination. The *Haunted Beach* is to be distinguished for poetic imagery, and the excellence of the tale. After the cause of the beach being haunted is unfolded, in the murder of a shipwrecked sailor by a fisherman, tempted by the gold he had about his person, and a *specter'd band* (the drowned companions of the sailor) are described as surrounding the fisherman's cottage, or following him in his occupation, the poem con-

cludes with the following verses; which, for terror, and for the consequent moral, are not surpassed in the English language.

" And since that hour the fisherman
Has toil'd and toil'd in vain!
For all the night, the moony night
Gleams on the specter'd main!
And when the skies are veil'd in gloom
The murd'rer's liquid way
Bounds o'er the deeply yawning tomb,
And flashing fires the sands illume,
Where the green billows play!

Full thirty years his task has been,
Day after day more weary,
For Heaven design'd his guilty mind
Should dwell on prospects dreary.
Bound by a strong and mystic chain,
He has not pow'r to stray;
But destin'd mis'ry to sustain,
He wastes, in solitude and pain—
A loathsome life away."

The *Alien Boy* is an instance of the sublime. It is impossible by description to do justice to the merits of that poem. One touch of the finest art we cannot forbear to give in the following lines—

" ——————————Yet he lives,
A melancholy proof that man may bear
All the rude storms of fate, and still suspire:
By the rude world forgotten!"

This is said of one abandoned to all extremities of wretchedness. And for the perfect insight into the human heart, with which it is said, we appeal to all who know its workings.

The Deserted Cottage is a fine example of the simple and pathetic in writing; and the two concluding verses deserve to be quoted for the refinement of their feeling, and the delicacy of their moral taste.

"And now behold yon little cot
All dreary and forsaken!
And know, that soon 'twill be thy lot
To fall, like Jacob and his race,
And leave on time's swift wing no trace,
Which way their course is taken.

Yet, if for truth and feeling known,
Thou still shalt be lamented!
For when thy parting sigh has flown,
Fond MEM'RY on thy grave shall give
A tear—to bid thy VIRTUES live!
Then—smile, AND BE CONTENTED."

The Poor singing Dame is also a pathetic tale; which, though equally true to nature, is the copy of nature in her plainer garb.

The Trumpeter, an old English Tale, affords an example of another kind. It is a satire, expressed with all the acumen of its species; and it has beside the merit of being a well-told tale, whose images pass in vivid succession before the eyes.

The Widow's Home, though possessing less of the fire of genius than some other poems in the volume, is an instance (to which we wish to refer our readers), of that most excellent moral feeling that peculiarly marked Mrs. Robinson's character.

The prose compositions of Mrs. Robinson are greatly below her poetry. Not that her novels and romances (of which they chiefly consist) want invention; but that she wrote with a haste that did not permit her to be choice in the selection of incidents, or to weave an artful web in the relation. She was accustomed to write from the impulse of the moment; and the facility with which she wrote her poems, spoiled her for the drudgery that belongs to every work of great extent. Of her facility we could relate examples that appear incredible. Many of the longest pieces in her *Lyrical Tales*, were written in one morning. *The Lascar*, con-

sisting of 312 lines, was written, revised, and completed, in less than eight hours; and the beauties of that poem may challenge works more laboured.

The *Lyrical Tales* was the last of Mrs. Robinson's poetical publications. The last work on which she was employed, was the translation of *The Picture of Palermo*, from Dr. Hagar.

For some months previous to her death, Mrs. Robinson had much to endure. Her health was declining; pecuniary embarrassments pressed closely upon her; and her heart was swoln with injuries. Amidst all this, her conduct was marked chiefly with fortitude and cheerfulness. It was only the few who saw her in the closest retirement that perceived the symptoms of a broken spirit. Yet her debts (which was partly the cause) were comparatively small, 1200l. we have been told, would have paid them; and Mrs. Robinson had recently adopted plans of economy, which would have enabled her in a year or two, to have satisfied every pecuniary claim upon her. Her fate, in this respect, must be deemed cruel; and the more so, as she had often released others from the danger of a prison, with which she was threatened in her very last moments. Mrs. Robinson, was not, however, destitute of friends, had she chosen to have applied to them. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Moira, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford, with many other distinguished characters, had been liberal patrons, and continued to be warmly attached to her.

In the course of this last summer, Mrs. Robinson had retired almost from the world, to a beautiful cottage belonging to her daughter on Englefield Green, near Windsor Forest. Here the encroachments of disease, mental and bodily, gradually overpowered every effort of human skill; and after lingering near three months, notwithstanding

the unexampled attention of Drs. Pope and Chandler, she expired on the 26th day of December, 1800. On the body being opened, by the express wish of the physicians who attended her, the immediate cause of her death was found to be an accumulation of water on the chest, together with six large stones contained in the gall bladder, a circumstance which, had she been able to take the exercise of walking, would long since have accelerated that event which is now the subject of regret to her friends.

In the last hours of her existence, Mrs. Robinson was not deserted by that fortitude and strength of mind which had ever distinguished her. She gave directions for her funeral; and expressed many wishes relative to her death with a spirit perfectly resigned.

By her own desire, she was buried on the north side of Old Windsor Church Yard. Her funeral was plain. The last melancholy office of attending her remains was performed by two literary and valued friends. A monument, on a simple and elegant model is preparing by her daughter's orders, and is intended to be erected over the place of her interment.

MISERABLE STATE OF THE MODERN GREEKS,

[From Travels into Greece, by Dr. Stephanopoli.]

IF a Greek appears in a rich habit, the lowest Turk will take out his knife and cut it in pieces. Throughout Romelia, a Greek male child is no sooner born, than the first Turk who hears of it sends his handkerchief to the father, and from that moment the child is his slave: if the father refuses the handkerchief, the Turk soon finds out a method of ruining both father and child.

A Turk, however low, considers every Greek whom he meets as being at his command, and orders him to do whatever he pleases. A Greek islander was lately measuring out some corn from his boat; a Turk on the pier ordered him to fetch fire to light his pipe: the Greek stopped to fill his sack, which wanted very little of being full; and the Turk, because he did not instantly obey him, shot him dead.

A late sultan having made a law that no christian should have any red in their clothing, walked the streets of Constantinople in disguise, in order to hunt out offenders; and his followers struck off the heads of all persons who were found in the least to transgress his orders. A shoemaker's lad sat on his stall, working and singing, with a red cap on his head; the sultan no sooner saw it, than head and cap where whirled off together. Ali Bey kidnapped eleven Greeks from Tripolezza, and had them impaled, to avenge himself of an insult he had received from the pacha of that district.

Stravachi, a Greek, while a sort of intendant to the Beys of Wallachia and Transylvania, accumulated a large fortune. Repeated vexations, which his wealth had brought upon him, induced him to present himself before the grand seignior, whom he thus addressed:—"Please your highness, I am worth twelve millions of piastres; I have no child; thou shalt be my heir: guarantee my fortune to me for my life." The sultan, pleased with the offer, laid his hand on *Stravachi's* shoulder, and said, "Enjoy thy fortune in safety." For some years he was unmolested: but, at last, they thought that he lived too long; they accused him to the sultan of intending to escape, with his treasure, to Russia: a decree of death was obtained against him, and he was instantly hung.

At Naples, in Romania, they have this law, which is most religiously observed: that whoever

sees a Greek ill-treated, struck, and overpowered, and gives him succour, is unworthy the name of a mussulman, and is cursed of the prophet. So far, indeed, are they from lending assistance, that when they see a mangled victim fall and expire, they cry out, *bravo! bravo!*

ANOTHER INSTANCE,

From Le Chevalier's Voyage to the Propontis.

ON my visit to the fort of Rodosto, I was witness to a scene, which may give some idea of the despotism of a conquering over a conquered people. —Two small boats were sailing towards the shore, at a nearly equal distance from it, and seeming to contend which should reach it first. One was manned by Turks, and the other by Greeks. The bowsprit of the Turkish vessel having got foul of the rigging of the Grecian boat, a Greek sailor ran forward to disengage it; when the master of the Turkish boat got up in a rage, and, laying hold of an oar, knocked down the Greek with it, who suffered himself to be killed without offering the least resistance. B.

Sidmouth.

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

ROBERT BURNS.

(Concluded from page 217.)

IN 1788, having settled with his publisher at Edinburgh, Burns found himself master of 500l. He now, therefore, took a farm, married, and began to push forward through life. But his social propensities drew him aside from a serious application to the pursuits of agriculture—and being soon after appointed an exciseman, an office he

had long wished for—he left his farm chiefly to the care of servants; a circumstance which proved by no means favourable to his prosperity. "He might, indeed, (says his biographer) still be seen in the spring directing his plough, in which he excelled, or with a white sheet, containing his seed-corn, slung across his shoulders, striding with measured steps along his turned-up furrows, and scattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care, or his thoughts. It was not at Ellisland (the name of his farm), that he was now in general to be found. Mounted on horseback, this high-minded poet was pursuing the defaulters of the revenue among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature and muttering his *wayward fancies* as he moved along."

About the end of the year 1791 Burns relinquished his farm, and removed to Dumfries, where he ended his days. Here he became much attached to company, and frequently gave himself up to intoxication. His situation in the excise brought him in about seventy pounds per annum, and he would soon have received further promotion, had he not spoken too freely in favour of the French revolution. This disappointment greatly chagrined his mind, which, together with his free mode of living, hastened his dissolution. He, however, was not a *republican*; and, in the year 1795, appearing in the Dumfries volunteers, he brought forth the following spirited verses, which form a pleasing specimen of his poetry:

Scene.—A field of battle—time of day, evening—the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!
In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! *who* would not rest with the BRAVE!

We shall now draw to a conclusion, by an extract taken from his biography, in which his illness, death, and interment, are affectingly described:—"From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism, which confined him about a week. His appetite now began to fail; his hand shook, and his voice faltered on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, depriving him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Too much dejected in his spirits, and too well aware of his real situation to entertain hopes of recovery, he was ever musing on the approaching desolation of his family, and his spirits sunk into an uniform gloom.

"It was hoped by some of his friends, that if he could live through the months of spring, the succeeding season might restore him. But they were dissappointed. The genial beam of the sun infused no vigour into his languid frame; the summer wind blew upon him, but produced no re-

freshment. About the latter end of June he was advised to go into the country, and impatient of medical advice, as well as every species of controul, he determined for himself to try the effects of bathing in the sea. For this purpose he took up his residence at Brow, in Annandale, about ten miles east of Dumfries, on the shore of the Solway-Firth.

"It happened that at that time a lady with whom he had been connected in friendship by the sympathies of kindred genius, was residing in the immediate neighbourhood. Being informed of his arrival, she invited him to dinner, and sent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged, as he was unable to walk.—"I was struck," says this lady, (in a confidential letter to a friend written soon after) "with his appearance on entering the room. The stamp of death was impressed on his features. He seemed already touching the brink of eternity. His first salutation was, "Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world?" I replied that it seemed a doubtful case which of us should be there soonest, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a bad state of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindness, and expressed his concern at seeing me look so ill, with his accustomed sensibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely lost the tone of his stomach. We had a long and serious conversation about his present situation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly prospects. He spoke of his death without any of the ostentation of philosophy, but with firmness as well as feeling—as an event likely to happen very soon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children so young and unprotected, and his wife in so interesting a situation—in hourly

expectation of lying in of a fifth. He mentioned, with seeming pride and satisfaction, the promising genius of his eldest son, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family seemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the justice he was so well qualified to do. Passing from this subject, he shewed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his posthumous works. He said he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him to the injury of his future reputation: that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his resentment would restrain them, or prevent the censures of shrill-tongued malice, or the insidious sarcasms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blast his fame.

"He lamented that he had written many epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers into a state of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion."—The lady goes on to mention many other topics of a private nature on which he spoke.—"The conversation," she adds, "was kept up with great evenness and animation on his side. I had seldom seen his mind greater or more collected.

There was frequently a considerable degree of vivacity in his sallies, and they would probably have had a greater share, had not the concern and dejection I could not disguise, damped the spirit of pleasantry he seemed not unwilling to indulge.

" We parted about sun-set on the evening of that day, (the 5th of July, 1796); the next day I saw him again, and we parted to meet no more!"

" At first Burns imagined bathing in the sea had been of benefit to him: the pains in his limbs were relieved; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own house in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to stand upright. At this time a tremor pervaded his frame; his tongue was parched, and his mind sunk into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the second and third day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the fourth, the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was closed in which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance.

" The death of Burns made a strong and general impression on all who had interested themselves in his character, and especially on the inhabitants of the town and county in which he had spent the latter years of his life. Flagrant as his follies and errors had been, they had not deprived him of the respect and regard entertained for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart. The Gentlemen-Volunteers of Dumfries determined to bury their illustrious associate with military honours, and every preparation was made to render this last service solemn and impressive. The Fencible Infantry of Angusshire, and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports, at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their assistance on this occasion; the principal inhabitants of the

town and neighbourhood determined to walk in the funeral procession; and a vast concourse of persons assembled, some of them from a considerable distance, to witness the obsequies of the Scottish bard. On the evening of the 25th of July, the remains of Burns were removed from his house to the Town-Hall, and the funeral took place on the succeeding day. A party of the volunteers, selected to perform the military duty in the church-yard, stationed themselves in the front of the procession, with their arms reversed; the main body of the corps surrounded and supported the coffin, on which were placed the hat and sword of their friend and fellow-soldier; the numerous body of attendants ranged themselves in the rear; while the fencible regiments of infantry and cavalry lined the streets from the Town-Hall to the burial-ground in the southern church-yard, a distance of more than half a mile. The whole procession moved forward to that sublime and affecting strain of music, the *Dead March* in Saul; and three vollies fired over his grave, marked the return of Burns to his parent earth! The spectacle was in a high degree grand and solemn, and accorded with the general sentiments of sympathy and sorrow which the occasion had called forth."

Such was the end of this great but unfortunate genius, who, had he been placed at an early period in a situation suitable to his genius and views, might have proved the ornament and blessing of his country. In the present case he holds forth an awful warning to the rising generation—he shews, that talents without temperance and prudence only glare the meteor of an hour, and then are extinguished in utter darkness! BURNS wanted steadiness in reducing his knowledge to practice—and resolution to resist the powerful temptations with which he was surrounded. Had he possessed these

commanding virtues, his name would have gone down with an unsullied lustre to posterity.

The poet has left behind him a wife and four sons, who have been liberally assisted by subscriptions. The handsome edition of his works, in four octavo volumes, recently published, is intended to produce them some substantial advantage. May the benevolent purpose be abundantly answered! The biography of Burns, written by Dr. Currie, and contained in the first volume, is replete with entertainment. The style is elegant, whilst the sentiments breathe the most refined and honourable sensibility. The *second* volume comprehends the poet's *Letters*, which are highly pleasing—the *third* comprises those *Poems*, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, which brought him so much celebrity—the *fourth*, and last, includes *Miscellaneous Pieces*, both in prose and poetry. Altogether, we may pronounce it the most interesting work that ever engaged our attention.

As the writer of this article is wholly unacquainted with the Scotch dialect, in which most of the poems of Burns are written, he cannot offer his own judgment. But he has frequently heard Scotchmen, of genius and learning, speak of them in the highest strains of applause. Indeed, the few pieces in English are exquisite, particularly *Man was made to Mourn*, which we mean soon to insert in our Miscellany. A plaintive tenderness and an unaffected simplicity, are the traits for which the Caledonian bard was chiefly distinguished. Peace be to his memory!

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

THE following simple narrative (from the Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces) speaks much instruction, and may be of use to parents and youth.

A. B. C.

THE
PENITENT PROSTITUTE

A GENTLEMAN, in the medical line, was some time ago asked to visit a patient, and was conducted by an elderly woman up three pair of stairs, to a gloomy, shabby, sky-lighted apartment. When he entered, he perceived two young females sitting on the side of a dirty bed, without curtains. On approaching, he found one of them nearly in the agonies of death, supported by the other, who was persuading her to take a bit of bread dipped in wine. The pale emaciated figure refused, saying, in a feeble languid voice, "that it would but prolong her misery, which, she hoped, was near at an end."—Looking at the doctor with earnestness, she said, "You have come too late, sir, I want not your assistance.

"O, could'st thou minister to a mind diseas'd,
Or stop th' access and passage of remorse."

Here she fetched a deep sigh, and dropped upon the bed—every means of relief was afforded, but in vain; for, in less than an hour, she expired.

In a small box, by the side of the bed, were found some papers, by which it appeared, that the unhappy young woman had had more than an ordinary education; she had changed her name, and concealed that of her parents, whom she sincerely

pitied, and whose greatest fault had been too much indulgence, and a misplaced confidence in the prudence of their favourite daughter. With some directions, respecting her funeral, the following pathetic lines were found, and some little money in the corner of the box was assigned to have them engraved on her tomb-stone.

VERSES

FOR MY TOMB-STONE, IF EVER I SHALL HAVE ONE,

BY A

PROSTITUTE, AND A PENITENT.

"Here rest the reliques of a nymph undone,
Who dying, wish'd her days had ne'er begun."

THE wretched victim of a quick decay,
Reliev'd from life—on this cold bed of clay,
(The last and only refuge from my woes)
A lost, love-ruin'd female, I repose.
From the sad hour I listen'd to his charms,
Yielding, half-forc'd in the deceiver's arms,
To that, whose aweful veil hides ev'ry fault,
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault;
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, or in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think;
Nor could rejected conscience gain the pow'r
Of calm reflection, for one serious hour;
I durst not look to what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more;
One step to vice, stole on without controul,
Till, step by step, perdition wreck'd the soul.
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old, e'er of age, worn out, when scarce mature,
Daily debas'd, to stifle my disgust
Of life, which sunk me with the lowest dust;
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,
My home's a brothel and the street my haunt;

Full seven long years in infamy I've pin'd,
And fondled, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind,
Till, the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shatter'd fabric fail'd at twenty-two;
Then death, with every horror in his train,
Clos'd the sad scene of riot, guilt, and pain.
O! could it shut the future from my view,
Nor dread eternity! my life renew;
Renew to anguish, and the deepest woe,
While endless ages never cease to flow!
Ye fair associates of my opening bloom!
O! come and weep, and profit at my tomb—
To me sweet peace and virtue ne'er were known,
"And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own."
Let my short youth—my blighted beauty prove,
The fatal poison of unlawful love;
"Let jealous fears your every step attend,
Mark well the flatt'rer from the real friend."
Chaste keep the mind; preserve the manners pure,
If peace at home, or love you would secure.
O! think how quick my foul career I ran,
The DUPE of *passion*, *vanity*, and *man*;
Then shun the path where soft temptation shine,
Your's be the lesson—sad experience mine.

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED

FROM

BURNS' LETTERS.

By John Evans, A. M.

(Concluded from page 287.)

THIS world of ours, notwithstanding it has many things in it, yet it has ever had this curse, that two or three people who would be the happier the oftener they met together, are almost, without exception, always so placed as never to meet but once or twice a year, which, considering the few years of a man's life, is a very great *evil under the sun*, which I do not recollect that Solo-

mon has mentioned in his catalogue of the miseries of man. I hope, and believe, that there is a state of existence beyond the grave, where the worthy of this life will renew their former intimacies, with this endearing addition, that *we meet to part no more!*

———" Tell us, ye dead,
Will none of you in pity disclose the secret,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be!"

A thousand times have I made this apostrophe to the departed sons of men, but not one of them has ever thought fit to answer the question. " O that some courteous ghost would blab it out!" but it cannot be; you and I, my friend, must make the experiment *by ourselves* and *for ourselves*. However, I am so convinced that an unshaken faith in the doctrines of religion is not only necessary, by making us better men, but also by making us happier men, that I shall take every care that your little godson, and every little creature that shall call me father, shall be taught them. So ends this heterogenous letter, written at this wild place of the world, (Annan Water Foot, Aug. 22, 1792,) in the intervals of my labour of discharging a vessel of rum from Antigua.

Alas, Madam! who would wish for many years! What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire and leave us in a night of misery —like the gloom, which blots out the stars one by one from the face of night, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste!

Of all the qualities we assign to the author and director of nature, by far the most enviable is—to

be able *to wipe away all tears from all eyes.* O what insignificant sordid wretches are they, however chance may have loaded them with wealth, who go to their graves, to their magnificent *mausoleums*, with hardly the consciousness of having made one *poor honest heart* happy!

Still there are two great pillars that bear us up amid the wreck of misfortune and misery. The ONE is composed of the different modifications of a certain noble stubborn something in man, known by the names of courage, fortitude, magnanimity. The OTHER is made up of these feelings and sentiments which, however the sceptic may deny them, or the enthusiast disfigure them, are yet, I am convinced, original and component parts of the human soul, those *senses of the mind*, if I may be allowed the expression, which connect us with, and link us to those awful obscure realities, an all-powerful and equally beneficent God, and a world to come beyond death and the grave! The first gives the nerve of combat while a ray of hope beams on the field—the last pours the balm of comfort into the wounds which time can never cure.

I do not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty FEW to lead the undiscerning MANY; or, at most, as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is, in this point of

view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart, and an imagination delighted with the painter, and rapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring, himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God! His soul by swift delighting degrees is wrapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and burst out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson:—

> "These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
> Are but the varied God. The rolling year
> Is full of thee!"

And so on in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn. These are no ideal pleasures—they are real delights—and I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal, to them? And they have this precious vast advantage, that *conscious virtue* stamps them for *heaven*, and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God!

There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the estates of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious sleepless hours these ties frequently give me. I see a train of helpless

little folks—me and my exertions all their stay; and on what a brittle thread does the life of man hang! If I am wipt off at the command of fate—even in all vigour of manhood, as I am—such things happen every day—gracious God! what would become of my little flock! 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his deathbed, taking an everlasting farewell of his children, has, indeed, woe enough, but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends—while I—but I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject. (His salary, as exciseman, was only 70l. a year).

I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to, or what creed he believes, but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of infinite wisdom and goodness superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot—I felicitate such a man, as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment, a firm prop and sure stay in the hour of difficulty, trouble and distress, and a never failing anchor of hope when he looks beyond the grave!

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

Brow, on the Solway Frith,
MADAM, *12th July*, 1796.

I have written you so often, without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness, which has long hung about me, in all probability will speedily send me beyond that *bourne whence no traveller returns*. Your friendship, with which for many years you have honoured me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversa-

tion, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break up the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!! R. B.

N. B. The *above letter* was supposed to be his *last* production—he died on the 21st, nine days afterwards. Peace be to his memory!

For the Monthly Visitor.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

THE following curious transposition was sent us by a juvenile correspondent; it is produced by transposing the name of our brave commander,

HORATIO NELSON,

HONOR EST A NILO:

which rendered into English, reads thus—

Honour is from the Nile.

ENIGMAS BY J. F. ANSWERED BY SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

1. Horsemanship.
2. Heroine.
3. Farringdon.
4. Canterbury.

RIDDLES BY T. S. ANSWERED.

1. Serpent.
2. Mermaid.
3. Philosopher's stone.
4. Rattle-snake.

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

BY JOHN COLES.

I.

In the celestial realms of light,
Where unbounded pleasures dwell;
I once was known, tho' short my story,
As sacred records tell.

From thence ipto this world was sent,
A judgment sore from the most high;
To punish man for his vile deeds,
Who heaven's sacred laws defy.

With fury I've been known to rage,
And awful desolation spread,
Through every nation, every age,
Have many millions thro' me bled.

How many cities been destroy'd,
Their splendour e'en in ruins laid;
And fertile fields I've drench'd with blood,
And dreadful devastations made.

The widow's shrieks, and orphans cries,
Are oft produced by me:
Unnumbered souls by me are sent
To regions of eternity.

'Tis ambition's pride, and interest dear,
And honour's sounding name,
That causes me to be pursu'd,
And kindles fierce my flame.

In social life I'm sometimes found,
Where friendship most should reign;
I part the joys of man and wife,
Which causes grief and pain.

Take but a view of Europe round,
And on its awful state reflect;
Those horrid scenes which I have caus'd,
Will sure each feeling heart affect.

But time shall come, when I shall vex
Mankind on earth no more;
But peace and joy, and love shall reign,
And spread from shore to shore.

CHARADES.

By the same.

1.

My first was Noah's son you'll see,
If one letter to it added be;
From it a letter take, then mind
How many you have left behind;
My next your property doth keep,
Secure from robbers, while you sleep:
My whole, if you would wish to know,
A very useful herb will shew.

By Scotus.

2.

The tavern men oft times frequent,
My first for to obtain;
And by my second's aid 'tis sent
Across the raging main.
And when together they are join'd,
My first you there will find.

REBUS.

By the same.

1.

Of a vehicle, please take a part,
And three-fourths of a political sect,
With a vowel between—'twill impart
What many each month do expect.

SKETCH OF TILTS AND TOURNAMENTS,

Extracted from Rodd's Civil Wars of Granada.

(See our Literary Review.)

THE king and nobility having taken their seats at the windows of the new square, perceived near the fountain of the lions a beautiful tent of green velvet, and near it a table covered with a canopy of green brocade, having many rich jewels, and the golden chain upon it, that was to accompany the portrait of Abenamar's lady.

All the inhabitants of the city and multitudes from the neighbouring towns and villages were present at this magnificent sight. It was not long before the sound of trumpets was heard from the street of Zacatin, whence the challenger now made his entry. Four handsome mules loaded with lances, adorned with sumpter clothes of green damask, bespangled with golden stars, and breast-plates of silver, fastened on with bands of green silk, came first. They were led by grooms to a tent, near the former, where the lances were all placed in order.

Next came thirty gentlemen in green and scarlet liveries, with white and yellow plumes, and in the midst Abenamar in green velvet, richly embroidered, and a loose jacket, over his other robes, of immense value. He was mounted on a dappled mare, whose accoutrements were green velvet, with a crest of green, and red feathers, corresponding to his own. Over his whole dress were scattered many golden stars, and on his left side shone a resplendent sun, with this motto under it:—

Myself alone, my fair alone,
A fairer never yet was known:
Myself alone the glory claim
To honor her illustrious name.

After Abenamar, followed a rich triumphal car, lined with silk of various colours, having six steps, and on the highest a triumphal arch of extraordinary workmanship, under which upon a rich seat was placed the portrait of the lovely Fatima, so naturally executed to the life, that had not the original been present, many would have mistaken it for the lady herself. The admiration that was bestowed on its entry, filled the ladies with envy. The dress was Turkish, of extraordinary richness and elegance, orange and purple, spangled with golden stars, and trimmed with silver tissue. The hair fancifully flowing like fine threads of Arabian gold, and fastened at the top with a bandeau of white and red roses intermixed. Over the head was seen the god of love, with wings outspread, and plumes of a thousand colours, placing a crown upon it, and at her feet was laid his bow and quiver, as tributes to her unequalled beauty.

Thus entered the portrait, in a car drawn by four mares whiter than the mountain snow, and attracted the attention of every eye; behind it came thirty gentlemen, like the former, in green and scarlet liveries, and plumes of the same colours. Various instruments of music played whilst Abenamar entered; having made a circle round the square, he advanced to the royal balconies, gratifying his majesty, the queen, and the ladies with the sight. They all admired the lovely portrait of the lady that stood beside them, with Daraxa, Sarracina, Galiana, and many others, models of the most enchanting beauty.

"If your knight, fair Fatima," exclaimed her majesty, "gains the prize over the other knights in skill as he does in gallantry, you may esteem yourself the happiest lady in the world." "I know not," replied Fatima, concealing the pleasure she felt, "what are Abenamar's motives, but I suppose it is his fancy, and that he takes this

method of obliging me; as to more, I am certain it concerns not me." "Yet there is a mystery," cried Xarifa, "in procuring your portrait, and challenging all competitors, he must have some motive certainly?"—"I do not pretend to dive into it," said Fatima, "He does as he pleases. Has not Abindarraez also performed a thousand actions worthy of note in your honour?" "All Granada knows that," cried Xarifa, "but this affair of Abenamar's is quite a novelty; I should be sorry to see the two cavaliers enter the lists together" "Whether it be their fate or not, it can be of little consequence to you," answered Fatima. "O yes, but it can, and a great deal too;" said Xarifa, "it would grieve me to see your portrait fall into my hands." "You imagine then, perhaps," returned Fatima, "that Abenamar has already lost the day; but do not be over-confident in your knight; certainly those who give a general challenge have some reason to expect they will be able to maintain it; but fortune is fickle, and we are all subject to her caprice."

The queen, who had been some time listening to these repartees, at length put a stop to them. "Ladies," cried her majesty, "this conversation is very unimportant: your beauty is equal, it will not be long before we see who wins the palm of honour; let us therefore attend to the sports.

Casting their eyes then towards the square, they perceived Abenamar had placed the car close to the jewels, and to the sound of soft music the portrait of Fatima was gently raised and placed beside them. Abenamar alighting from his horse gave it to his attendants, and seating himself at the door of his tent, quietly expected some cavalier to enter the lists. The gentlemen of his train ranged themselves on each side, and the judges took their station on a high stand, where they

might have a full view of every thing that passed. The judges were two Zegries, two Gomeles, and an Abencerrage, named Abencarcax, the chief Alguazil of Granada, an office only given to persons of the highest rank and valour. It was not long before a very gallant squadron was seen to enter the square from the street of the Gomeles, in scarlet and white brocade, and plumes of the same colour, and with them a knight, in a Turkish dress of scarlet velvet, lined with gold tissue, and plumes of great value; his jacket also set with precious stones. The cavalier was soon discovered to be the gallant Sarracino. Behind him came a splendid car bearing four triumphal arches, painted with the battles of the Moors and Christians on the plain of Granada; in which Garlilaso de la Vega's, and Audallas, a Moor of high renown, who, out of contempt for the christian religion, placed the Ave Maria on the tail of his horse, was particularly distinguished. Beneath the arches was placed a round throne, open on all sides, of the whitest alabaster, enriched with the most beautiful sculpture, and upon it the portrait of a lady in blue brocade fringed with gold, and at her feet a vanquished Cupid on his knees, with his bow and arrows broken, and scattered round him. Sarracino's device was a sea, in the midst a rock, assaulted by the waves, and these words on the rock:—

My constancy is like a rock,
Of wind and wave it braves the shock.

No less gallantly did Sarracino make his entry than Abenamar; his car was drawn by four bay horses, with scarlet and gold trappings: and was followed by a noble squadron of gentlemen in scarlet liveries, parading round the square to the sound of soft music.

The portrait was now known for the lovely Galiana's, and every tongue exclaimed that Abenamar had a brave opponent. The queen was surprised at the beauty of the picture, and at the painter's skill; and turning to Galiana, exclaimed, "this conquest of your's is entirely new to us; the object of your choice however I see is no way inferior to Abenamar;" to which Galiana made no reply. The king promised himself great delight, and observed it was impossible not to see shortly deeds worthy of note, since the challenger and the knight, who contended for the prize, were both equally brave, and each would exert himself in defending the portrait of his lady.

Sarracino, having rode round the square, left the car on one side, and advancing to the challenger, "Sir knight," said he, "you are not unacquainted with the motive of my arrival; I am ready to try the fate of three lances, and understand to a certainty that my lady is to enjoy the portrait of your's, and the golden chain of a thousand doubloons; but if fortune should prove my foe, with the portrait I consent to forfeit this scarf, worked by the lovely hands of my lady herself; its value is at least equal to the chain: and indeed so it was, being entirely covered with pearls, and precious stones.

Sarracino, relying on his own ability, chose to risk the scarf, not considering the skill of his antagonist, who without hesitation replied, he was ready to make the trial, and would forfeit the portrait of his lady and the chain if it was his fortune to lose them; and saying this, he chose a horse from eight that were caparisoned for the play, and selecting a proper lance, made several evolutions round the square, so gracefully, that the king and all the spectators remarked the gallantry of his deportment. Making the horse give a high vault

into the air, he finished his career, and parting like an arrow from a bow, he raised aloft his arm, and arriving at the ring touched the upper part of it with his lance, and failed very little of carrying it away. The attempt therefore miscarried, as it was necessary to file the lance through the ring to win the contest.

Abenamar now stopped to see in what manner Sarracino would acquit himself; he was in no little confusion in the outset, but stretching forth his arm, he adroitly filed the lance through the ring, and bore it off with him. Shouts and acclamations ensued, and thousands of voices exclaimed that Abenamar had lost the portrait and the chain: fortune favours Sarracino, and gives him the victory.

Sarracino was overjoyed, and considered himself already in possession of the prizes, making his immediate claim, and alleging that he had fairly won them. Muza, who was the challenger's umpire, informed him that there was still two lances to run, according to the conditions of the agreement. Sarracino's umpire, an Azarque Cavalier, maintained the contrary; the matter was therefore referred to the judges, who, commanding silence, read the condition of the challenge, which in reality was for three lances, and not for a single one. Sarricino was greatly enraged to find the prize that the public voice had given him was refused, and Abenamar was equally offended with the spectators and himself. Galiana's countenance was illumined with joy, but Fatima's was filled with chagrin, though she had sufficient command over her feelings to conceal it.

"It goes but ill with our cavalier, friend Fatima," exclaims Xarifa, "his affairs are in a very indifferent situation, and if they continue so much longer, I should not be very willing to purchase his gains." "I think very little of the past," replied Fatima,

" if his affairs are indifferent now, they will prosper better hereafter, and 'tis the end only that we are to attend to." " True, but in my opinion," cried Xarifa, " a good beginning always make a good end."

" That, I deny," returned Fatima, " and I make no doubt but you will also; I reason from this simile:—You must have both heard and seen the gallant at the commencement of a new amour, endeavour to serve his lady with the utmost attention, giving her daily fetes and serenades, and almost idolizing her, he makes her a thousand promises of eternal constancy; that the sun shall sooner cease to gives its light, that his hand shall strike the moon from the heavens, or remove mountains, before he will forget her, and a thousand more such impossibilities;—that all his intentions are honourable, and that he designs to marry her. At length the poor innocent is deceived, and falls a prey to his desires."

" Fine beginnings indeed," cried Xarifa!— " Well, what ensues? He has enjoyed the lady, and the first day that some cavalier passing through the street happens to bow to her, my gentleman cries out that he is her gallant, and that the maiden who forfeited her honour to him, would in like manner stoop to others, forgetting his own false oaths that first betrayed the unhappy fair one. Do but observe their treachery, Xarifa, if a ray of the sun even shines in at the window, they leave the fond believing woman a laughing stock, dishonoured and forgotten; a fine end this after so fair a beginning! you cannot call it a good one?"

" No, certainly!" replied Xarifa, " and I confess you have represented nothing but truth; I know at this very time several young ladies of great beauty, but small fortune, who have been deceived

in this manner by gentlemen, and because they were poor, left to misery and disgrace. Young ladies of our age should not be over-confident in their own judgment, and rather leave these matters to the better experience of their parents. But if you please, we will now cast a look towards the contending cavaliers."

Abenamar had, by this time, chosen another horse and lance; and vexed at his past failure, he spurred him briskly, and holding his lance steadily in his hand, quicker than thought filed it through the ring, and bore it away. The acclamations were now on his side.

Sarracino gallantly made his second attempt, and proceeded with great caution, but unfortunately he struck the side of the ring only. "There is yet another lance to run," cried Abenamar, "let us therefore, if you please, sir knight, finish our contest immediately." Seizing a lance, therefore, Abenamar galloped towards the ring, and again dexterously bore it away.

Galiana was now highly disconcerted, seeing the little prospect her beloved Sarracino had of success, who in his last career touched the top of the ring only with the point of his lance, and bore it not away.

Having alighted from his horse, the judges called Sarricano and pronounced that he had lost the portrait of his lady and the rich scarf. Sarracino replied, "if he had lost in sport, in manly combat he knew how to conquer." Abenamar, highly piqued for the motives we have already expressed, replied, "that if he had any thought of recovering a part of his losses in manly combat, he should be glad to know it, as he was ready to do him all the justice he wished." The judges and the umpires now interfered, and pacified the cavaliers,

not suffering so unreasonable a debate to proceed any further. Sarracino, therefore, withdrew from the square with the gentlemen of his train, and Abenamar commanded the rich spoils to be laid at the foot of Fatima's portrait, whose joy for the victory was extremely great, especially when she beheld the trophies of the challenger's dexterity, though she endeavoured as much as possible to prevent her satisfaction from appearing, not chusing that Abenamar should imagine himself entirely secure of her affection, wherein she did not in the least imitate other ladies of the court, whose whole delight was the pleasure of public admiration.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU have, with much candour, interested your readers in behalf of a poet who has lately retired to the lonely grave, but whose works will, like those of Ramsay, live till Scotland is no more. Thus much do I say with sincerity, although I will, ere long, take a wider survey of Burns' merits and demerits as a poet. I may just observe, that my strictures have not escaped reprehension—but it is the reprehension of a friend, and being such, it is for friendship's sake entitled to my protection, and to your's for its ingennity. You have indeed done ample justice to the tuneful Burns: there is another of Scotia's sons that calls for your admiration, your mead of praise—Ramsay—and there is another, an English bard, that seems with joy to court your smiles of welcome, Bloomfield, than whom a sweeter muse was never heard. I may be an enthusiast! and methink I was, when in my seventeenth year I composed these observations, without being intimately acquainted with the Scottish dialect—I submit them to your decision, and hope that decision will be favourable.

OBSERVATIONS ON

ALLAN RAMSAY's GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Act I.

Our poet's prologue at once prepossesses us in his favour. Can any thing be more engaging and descriptive than the following lines?—

" Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield;
I wa youthfu' shepherds in the gowans lay,
Tending their flocks a'e bonny morn of May!"

How impressive is Patie's exclamation, when he says—

" This sunny morning, Robert, cheers my blood,
And puts a nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!"

Roger's answer is tainted with philosophy—

" Sae might I say, but its no easy done
By ane whose souls sae sadly out of tune."

Patie's observation, that—

" A mind thats scrimpt ne'er wants some care,"

is founded on truth—again—

" He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep"—

at once defines the absurdity of avarice, and displays the beauty of competence in livelier colours than the bewildering doctrine of volumes.

Roger's simple confession is truly characteristic of the little artifice so bashfully practised by village lovers. Sure it is, that this all-powerful passion is no where to be found, in its genuine nature, but in rural retreats, where innocence still takes delight to dwell.

Patie's advice to Roger evinces a knowledge of the human character: and this, with the song that follows, speaks indeed the language of the female heart;

There is in those amiable shepherds a frankness we cannot help admiring, and when they make respective presents, we feel a kindly vibration thrilling as it were in our bosoms. The poet must have been well acquainted with the impulses of friendship; otherwise he would not have represented the two swains as feeling a glowing inclination to offer tokens of this cementing principle.

Prologue I.

"A flowrie lawne between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses used to wash and spread their cloes,
A trotting burnie whimpling through the ground,
Its channels pebbles shining smooth and round."

This imagery is simple, just, and highly picturesque. Our attention is powerfully attracted by rustic simplicity, and soon are we endeared to the two rural nymphs. Even at first acquaintance with Peggy, our very heart is interested, and feels a warm anxiety for her happiness. O! how soon her innocence and frankness of heart evinces itself:—

"And when the day grows hot, will to the pool,
There wash ourselves—its healthful now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day."

Jenny's reply is very natural and pleasing—

"Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? That jeering fellow, Pate,
Wad taunting say, haith, lasses, ye're no blate."

In the whole, this dialogue between Peggy and Jenny, is replete with jocular sentiment, and, if we mistake not, expresses the young maiden's thoughts not as they appear, but as they really are. Peggy's vindication of the marriage-state is lively and sweetly persuasive. She pictures the joys accompanying it with an artless ingenuity, and with firmness shews Jenny the misery so connected with celibacy. It must, nevertheless, be admitted Jenny's fears are too well grounded.—Ah! this deplorable picture is too, too frequently realised—

" But poortith Peggy is the worst of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance should begg'ary draw,
But little love, or canty chur aun come,
Frae a'u'a'y doublet, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die, the spate may bear away
Trae off the howms, your wainty rucks of hay,
The thiek blawn wreaths of snow, or blushy thaws,
May smour your weathers, or may rot your ewes,
A dyvour buys your butter, evov, and cheese,
But erth day of payment breaks and flees—
Wi' gloomy brow the laird seks in his rent,
Has not to gae your merchant to the bent,
His honour mauna want, he points your gear,
Syne driv'n frae house and hold, where will ye steer?"

Let the poor, the independent, and the opulent, learn from Peggy how to spurn, how to avoid inconstancy.

Act II.

The prologue is the finest picture of pastoral residence I ever met with—from it painters may draw to the life. Our poet must have been thoroughly acquainted with the manners, customs, and education of shepherds, otherwise he could not have pourtrayed so many incidents in so natural a manner. Even Virgil, Theocritus, Pope, and other pastoral writers, lose much of their excellence from being too refined.--- Ramsay's personages speak in their native language, without offending, and to this circumstance is he greatly indebted for the celebrity of his drama-- in short, there is no production, of this kind, so happily formed as is the Gentle Shepherd.

In Glacco and Simon we find a noble sincerity, a disposition honest, and a warmness of soul, which is only found where

" Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest."

Here these two generous swains prepossess us in favour of Sir William, and teach individuals of his

station how they should act for their benefit and happiness.

Song VIII. bears an excellent moral, and the discourse that follows is fraught with just sentiment. Those who know the little regulations in a farmer's family, will feel sensations of pleasure from Glacco's good-natured orders.

———"Gae get my Sunday's coat,
Wash out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white skin hose, and mittens for my hands,
Then frae their working, cry the bairns in haste,
And make yo'rsells as trig, head, feet, and waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine wi Syne Bedeen."

In scene IV. the interview between Patie and Peggy is affecting, and tenderly endearing. With what native eloquence do these pastoral lovers breath the language of the heart! O! how genuine are their effusions!---how lovely are their professions!—with what rapture does the language of Patie fill the very soul!

"I am sure I canna change; ye need na fear;
Though we're but young, I've loved ye many a year;
I mind it weel when thou couldst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choose you frae th' throng
Of all the bairnes, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the tansy know, or rushy strand,
There snoring by side, I took delight
To pu' the rushes green, with roots sae white;
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I pluckt the flow'ry bank and snood."

Peggy's reply is pathetic, and breathes a virtuous compliance, nicely conformable to the dictates of true love.—Songs X. and XI. are equally the offspring of harmony and rapture. We even participate in the lovers reciprocal exstacy.

Act III.

Sir Williams's contemplation is fraught with liberality, and gives us a favourable opinion of one who has seen the world. This observation is natural—

"Yet 'midst my joys some prospect pain renews,"

For who is not susceptible of lively emotions, in viewing once more his native fields, after being removed —long removed from scenes where we spent the innocence of childhood. Like a philosopher, Sir William moralizes when he thus attaches happiness to him who

"Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn
After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day;
Thrice happy life, that's from ambition free!
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
A quiet contented mortal spend his time,
In hearty health, his soul unstain'd by crime."

Scene II.

Symon's house is pourtray'd in the Prologue, and the conversation that ensues gives us a knowledge of country manners. When we discover Sir William in disguise, enjoying social chat with his tenantry, we feel high esteem for a conduct so condescending.—The plan is well conceived, and the deception carried on with a jocular glee. The encouragement Patie gave Roger is now verified to the utmost wish of the once desponding lover. Such is the force of love, and such its effects. Jenny unfolds her passion, Roger is almost overpowered with joy; and unpolished as may appear the exclamation—

"I am happy now!—o'er happy! had my head!—
This gust of pleasure's like to be my dead!"

It is the very overflowing of a heart suddenly animated by attaining wished-for happiness.—Here the coy maiden, with raptures of compliance, owns that his

"Well try'd love had won the day."

Modesty, that jewel of inestimable value, smothered Cupid's dart 'till a seasonable opportunity extracted the intoxicating instrument. The awaited scene pre-

sents, and Symon is agreeably surprised, yea, transported with joy, on Sir William's discovering himself. From this we may learn a moral lesson.

Sir William is here questioning Symon as to Patie's attainments. The rustic replies thus—

"Whene'er he drives our ship to Edinboro' port,
He buys some books of history, songs, or sport,
Nor does he wann o'them as rowth at will,
And carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
About ane Shakespeare, and a famous Ben,
He often speaks, and caes them best o' men—
I sometimes thought he made too great a phrase,
About fine poems, histories, and plays.
When I reproved him anes—a book he brings,
Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings."

Sir William's reply is extremely beautiful—

"He answered well; and much ye glad my ear,
When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind,
Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd."

This allusion, relative to education, is an evident illustration, and happily expressed—

"Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shows its light,
'Till artful polishing has made it shine,
Thus education makes the genius bright."

Act IV.

Represents and gives us a true specimen of housewife chat. In Madge that fury temper, so peculiar to old maids, and their ill-nature, is well depicted. Were this character omitted, the drama would tend still more to a favourable opinion of the pastoral life.

Patie's generous resolve claims esteem and admiration. This afflicted lover derives consolation from giving loose to the determination of his heart. Like a faithful friend is Roger, much affected, and, in the simplicity of heart, astonished at Patie's knowledge.

The swain's advice is praiseworthy, and proves how necessary it is to study authors of judgement and merit.

"Frae books, the wale of books I gat some skill,
Thae best can teach what's real good and ill,
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of chuse,
To gain those silent friends that ever please."

The last line is admirable, and needs no comment.

With what feeling does the poet touch on this tender interview, where two mutual lovers are agitated by fear.—Peggy, in the simplicity of her soul, says she

"Dare na think sae high,"

but at the same time her throbbing bosom betrays that the once cherished hope is still an inhabitant there—for with a pleasing agony the dear maid takes a retrospect of their innocent love professions!—how enchantingly she retraces former pleasures in these endearing words—

"Na' more again to hear sweet tales express,
By th' blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
Nae more be envied by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang.
Nai more a lake! we'll on the meadow play,
And rin half breathless round the ricks of hay,
As oftimes I ha' fled frae thee right fain,
And fa'n on purpose that I might be tane.
But hear my vow—'twill help to gi'e me ease,
May sudden death, or deadly sair decease,
And worst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you, I be a wife!"

O! but Patie is ennobled by virtuous emotions—a kind of enthusiasm darts with rapidity over the whole man. In his soothing assurance to his adored Peggy, we read a noble magnanimity of disposition—a fire that stimulates to action, blended with true honour, and crowned with virtue. Love is the noblest passion implanted in the human breast. Love is in its operations unaccountable, yet forcibly felt by those entangled in its pleasing snares. Our poet must have expe-

rienced its effects, as those two amiable swains breathe sentiments purely descriptive of the passion.

The different songs are incomparably fine.

Ac. V.

Sir William justly observes, that superstition springs from—

" Silly notions which crowd the clouded mind,
That is through want of education blind."

Glacid admonishes the young girls in a manner worthy the attention of the fair sex in general—

" Daft, lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good, and gentle's un' so rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks no shame
To do what such as us thinks sin to name—
They'll tempt young things like you, with oudith flush'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd;
Beware then, I say, and never gie
Encouragement or bourd wi' sec as he."

Poor Peggy thinks too highly of Patie's moral character, than even to harbour an opinion inimical to his goodness. While we are in love with her unsuspecting innocence, we feel poignantly for her agitation of mind. Distressed innocence will always arouse such feelings in the thinking part of mankind. Nature is, in this respect, unerring.

The unsuspected discovery is no less pleasing than well imagined:—Sir William is, at first sight of Peggy, led to conceive in her he sees the daughter of his sister, whom he supposed

" Death had soon deprived of sweetest breath."

The discovery unfolds itself in joyful shades, and still our eye is fixed on Patie and Peggy, for who like lovers feel.—Love and parental affection are sublime principles. We are even disposed with Peggy to exclaim—

"My wishes are complete—my joys arise,
Whilst I'm half dizzy with the blest surprise—
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had?
Long may Sir William bless the happy plains,
Happy, while heaven grant he on them remains."

Again the pastoral poet shows that love, genuine love, spurns interested motives. Wealth is as nought when put in competition with this all-powerful passion.

A sympathetic glow of joy bursts from honest Symon and Glaced, with a sincerity that must not remain unnoticed. To crown all, Patie interests himself in behalf of his trusty friend Roger, and gets Glacid's consent to his receiving Jenny's fair hand. Thus terminates this charming drama, and our best wishes o'ershade the actors.

Sir William's moral admonition is a concise lesson on ethics, and certainly founded on the strictest truth—

"Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward and satisfaction to your mind;
The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild,
And oft when hopes are highest we're beguil'd;
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care."

Having faithfully culled from the pastoral comedy a few of its beauties, we can affirm, with safety, that it is the finest production of the kind any where to be met with; the various songs are pleasing and expressive, deserving the highest praise, and transcending imitation.

PASTORA.

Epitome of Natural History.

No. IV.

BULL DOG,

IS a breed peculiar to England, and less frequently to be met with even there, since the barbarous custom of bull-baiting has declined; he is cruel and fierce, often biting before he barks, and is easily distinguished by his short nose, and by the under jaw being longer than the upper. Buffon calls him *Le Dogue.*

"The original stock of dogs," says Mr. Pennant, "in the old world is, with great reason, supposed to be the schakal, or jackal; that from their tamed offspring, casually crossed with the wolf, the fox, and even the hyæna, have arisen the numberless forms and sizes of the canine race. Before him, Buffon, with much ingenuity, had traced out a genealogical table of all the known

dogs, deducing all the other varieties from the shepherd's dog, variously affected by climate, and other casual circumstances. This variety in Britain is small and weak; but in France, and among the mountains of the Alps, large and strong, and is sometimes called the wolf dog.

SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The characters of this variety are, that they are sharp-nosed, erect and sharp-eared; very hairy, especially about the neck, and have their tails turned up or curled; they are naturally the most sensible: they become, without discipline, almost instantly, the guardians of the flocks: they keep them within bounds, reduce the stragglers to their proper limits, and defend them from the attacks of the foxes and wolves. In temperate climates, they are very numerous, though greater attention has been paid to the rearing of more beautiful kinds, than to the preservation of this race, which has no recommendation but its utility, and for that reason has been abandoned to the care of the sheep farmers. Notwithstanding their inelegance, and melancholy aspect, they are superior, in instinct, to all others: they are of a decided character, independent of education, though, no doubt, that improves them: guided solely by their natural powers, they apply themselves, as it were spontaneously to the keeping of flocks; an employment which they execute with amazing fidelity, vigilance, and assiduity: their talents at the same time astonish and give repose to their masters, while other dogs require the most laborious instruction to train them to the purposes for which they are destined.

The first subordinate variety of the shepherd's dog is,

THE POMERAIN DOG, LE CHIEN LOUP, OR WOLF DOG,

Of Buffon. Linnæus describes it as having longer hair on its head, erect ears, and its tail very much curled. The second,

THE SIBERIAN DOG,

A variety of the former, very common in Russia. The other varieties in the inland parts of the Russian empire and Siberia, are chiefly from the shepherd's dog; and there is a high-limbed taperbodied kind, the common dog of the Calmuc and independent Tartars, excellent for the chace, and all other uses.

THE DANISH DOG.

This is the largest of dogs, and is of stronger make than the greyhound. Buffon mentions his having seen only one of these; that when sitting, was about five feet high. Such perhaps were the dogs of Epirus, mentioned by Aristotle, and those of Albania, the modern Schirwan, or East Georgia, so beautifully described by Pliny, of which the following is a translation:—

While Alexander the Great was on his march to India, the king of Albania sent him one (viz. a dog) of unusual bigness as a present. Delighted with his appearance, he ordered bears, then wild boars, and last of all, deer, to be turned out loose before him. The dog, through contempt of such game, lay still without seeming to take the least notice of them. That high spirited prince, provoked at such indolence in a creature of such size, ordered him to be put to death. Fame carried the news to the king. Therefore sending him a second, he added this message, that he should not wish to try him on small beasts, but on a lion or an elephant; that he had only two; that if this were

slain, he should have none left. Alexander did not delay, and soon saw a lion quite overpowered. Then he ordered an elephant to be brought, and was never more entertained with any sight. Bristling up all his hair over his whole body, he opened upon him with a bark like a peal of thunder. Instantly he begins the attack, rising against the elephant, now on this side, now on that, with artful combat, attacking or retreating, as he saw it necessary, till, by continually wheeling round, he at last brought him to the ground, the earth being greatly shaken all around by his weighty fall.

ACCOUNT OF

MR. CARTWRIGHT,

THE

PERFORMER ON THE MUSICAL GLASSES,

At the Lyceum, in the Strand.

MR. CARTWRIGHT is a native of England, and was under the tuition of a dancing-master, for which profession he was intended. He danced at the early age of five years before his present majesty, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. He then became a rider, and was the first who ever rode the horses in Paris, and the second who rode them in Dublin; but in consequence of an injury sustained from a fall (for he encountered the most dangerous positions), he discontinued this exercise. He studied the musical glasses at the age of fourteen, and is the only person who ever brought that harmony of all harmonies to perfection. His first public performance on them was at Oxford, then at Bath, &c. He played on them at Paris, before the late Queen of France, and at Aberdeen was presented with an elegant medal, by the Northern Shooting Club, a society of the most

distinguished characters, as a token of their high approbation. About 1775 he married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Ward, of St. Catherine's, a most respectable family in Ireland, and having a wonderful genius for mechanism, opened a Fantoccini in College Green, Dublin, far superior to any ever exhibited! Diller, the inventor of fire-works with inflammable air, having left Paris some short time before the revolution in that country, joined Mr. Cartwright, who not only discovered the art of these fire-works, but made considerable improvements in them. His daughter likewise plays upon the musical-glasses; and, in order to assist her father's exhibition, which has met with considerable success throughout England, she has lately attempted a theatrical entertainment, *sola*, in which she has displayed much original humour, and discovered abilities peculiar to herself. This performance is entitled

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN; OR, BELLES HAVE AT YE ALL.

A Parody

ON

SHAKSPEARE's SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Written by Mr. Oulton; the Music by Mr. Davy.

THE "world's a stage," and true the saying—
For many parts we're always playing—
Some boast of country-seats for *scenery*,
Of *dress*, and very fine *machinery*;
While several of inferior station,
Know nothing about *decoration*—
How many can *full* BOXES *draw*,
Make their appearance with eclat;
While others can exert no pow'rs,
But, like poor *strollers*, "fret their hours."

For COMEDY, the ball-room enter,
Thalia reigns there in the centre!
For TRAGEDY, see many a mourner—
And FARCE you'll find in ev'ry corner!

Thus "players all," as Shakspeare says,
The "men and women," tis a fact—
And one man "seven ages" plays—
As many too the women act.
Since players, like the men we find them,
They must have *characters* assign'd them,
While this great world the *stage* is,
Be it my present effort then,
To prove, as well as gentlemen,
They have their seven ages.

SONG.

Dear ladies, you'll be kind I trust,
Attend a sister's call;
A play-house picture shou'd be just—
Then Belles have at ye all.

Shall it be said, no part we take
In this theatric ball?
I'll ev'ry lady *actress* make—
So belles have at ye all.

If maids, or wives, or widows gay,
Whatever lot befal,
I'll hit upon the *parts* ye play,
Then belles have at ye all.

Of no *effect* would be life's *scenes*,
The *incidents* how small!
Did we not furnish ways and means—
So belles, have at ye all!

And now the *curtain rises*, and discovers
A pretty babe, amidst parental lovers!
The *scene*—a cradle!—such the infant age!
When Miss *appears the first time on the stage!*
Now gossips throng around the little creature,
They find the mother out in every feature.

Now silver bells, for joy and pleasure ring,
And thus the nurse begins to talk and sing.

[*Makes a doll of her gown and mimicks nurse.*

The next scene now a boarding-school discloses,
And Miss in many situations shows us—
She must have braces, to prevent round shoulders,
To keep her head up, and attract beholders.
How great her grief, when put close in a corner,
The *fool's-cap* on! for little fools to scorn her!
That's soon forgot, when breaking up is near,
When a plumb-cake or birth-day brings good cheer;
Then o'er the play-ground now she trips most gay,
Or with a *skipping-rope* drives care away;
But care returns—the writing-master comes—
And Mr. Roundhand teazes one with sums;
The dancing-master next—and debonair,
Monsieur Carpeé now leads her with an air.
A visit then from Signor she receives,
And Arionelli thus his lesson gives.

[*Here is introduced an Italian song, which is sung with much humour.*]

Miss in her teens, commences her third age,
She's all the *ton*—whatever is the rage;
She leers, she smiles, she plays too with her fan—
In short, she studies all the arts she can,
To catch the oglings of some favourite man?
So hints the poet, or I much mistake,
That "every woman is at heart a rake."
Now queen of fashion, she's admired by all,
At concert, play-house, opera, or ball.

The fourth age a romantic novel seems,
Heigho! she sighs all day—all night she dreams!
Her swain is false—or, well-a-day! another
Less dear—propos'd by father or by mother:
What stolen interviews—what vows of love,
Are witnessed by the moon and stars above!

Are there no means of bliss? Love gives the hint,
Elopement is a word oft seen in print;
She runs away—is married—what a fuss—
But she returns, and seeks forgiveness thus.

[*Song* (*unaccompanied*), *kneeling, and acting in a burlesque manner, imitating the Opera singers.*]

The fifth age is attended with cares,
Domestic troubles—family affairs!
A widow now, in sable weeds, good lack!
She'd give the world to have her husband back.

But the sixth age this sorrow may remove,
May bless our heroine with a *second love*;
The *dramatis personæ* are encreas'd—
With sons and daughters is the table grac'd;
Such as the father was, is little Hal,
While the mamma in miniature is Sal.

And now the matron forms the seventh age,
When *whist* and dear *codille* her thoughts engage;
She wags her tongue as long as e'er she can,
Thus finding fault with her grand-daughter Ann:
[*Mimicks an old woman's voice and manner.*
"Fie, fie, now Miss, indeed you are too wild.
I never did the like at your age, child;
You must not go abroad—Why, are you mad?
The girls do nothing now-a-days but gad;
Ah, lord, be with the time when I was young,
I staid at home, and work'd the whole day long."
[*Song, in an old woman's manner.*

Now the catastrophe, alas! draws near,
Bah! rheumatism! pains in the bones! oh dear!
The doctor enters, and his fee he takes,
Her pulse he feels, and thus his head he shakes:
[*Imitates a doctor taking snuff, &c.*
Great danger—humph! no hopes? no, none he thinks,
The *trap-door* opens, and my lady sinks:
She's play'd her seven acts, while some play half—
Let your applause then be her *epitaph*.

FINALE.

All the world we see a stage is,
All our acts are seven ages—
'Tis decreed that there we stop,
All our acts are seven ages—
And the *curtain* then must *drop*.

Exit, *lady*, all is over,
Let applause her failings cover,
Or her name *lies on the shelf*;
Let applause her failings cover,
Exit then with joy myself.

POPE SEXTUS V.

[*From Mrs. Piozzi's Retrospection.*]

THE greatest name, perhaps, of *that* profession (the priesthood), which in 1586 adorned the papal chair, had been the very man named as inquisitor over that jealous state (Venice), tenacious ever of its independence: but Padre Montalto, afterwards Sextus V. knew the world too well; and *Retrospection* sees him flying from their territories with precipitation, as though he had put St. Mark's wings to his feet; for having made a vow (says he laughing) to become Pope at Rome, "it did not suit me, you see, good friends, to stay and be hanged at Venice." The advancement of this singular genius to the sovereignty was marked with many peculiarities; and the apparent designation of him by Providence to those high dignities he had so desired, and which he became so well, is yet scarcely forgotten among us, though two so busy centuries have elapsed since he wore them. It was his delight to impress that designation on men's minds. "Whenever I played at back-gammon," says he, "*six cinq* was always sure to win the game." He was son to Peretti, a turned-off footman of the Farnese house, who married one of the

maids, and lived at the foot of Monte Alto, where that extraordinary son was born to them on the day Charles V. was crowned emperor. "We set out together," said Sextus V. often; "but fortune set me to keep pigs, when I wanted to be driving more rational, though not less obstinate animals." The truth was, Tarli, the famous preacher, going to a wedding in that neighbourhood one day, saw this lad keep on crying while every one else seemed happy, "What dost cry for so, child?" says Tarli, "*tell* me."—"I cry," replies little Peretti, "because God gave me a heart to be a *great man*, and I am but a poor boy."—"Wilt thou study and be good, and learn to be a great man?" says the preacher.—"Yes, *that* I will, and keep pigs no more, but turn friar."—"Friars are always poor, my child," answered Tarli; "those who despise poverty must not be friars."—"Well! I'll go *through* poverty then," replies the lad, "as you go *through* purgatory—but I'll come out a *great man*."—"And so thou wilt, I am sure," exclaims the ecclesiastic, turning to his companion Selleri, who laughed, but said, "Show us the road to such a town, child, and don't cry any more." The boy ran before them without shoes, nor could threats or persuasion drive him back from their convent, where they clothed and taught him; till such were his acquirements, and such his proficiency, that the superiors counted him a prodigy of early science, and his protector Tarli, on his death-bed, pressed his hand, saying, "I grieve, dear Fælix, I can live no longer to witness your felicity and fame. You will be *Pope*, I'm sure you will."—"And from that day," says Sextus, "*I resolved on't.*" When settled in the seat he was born for, he relaxed not from study, nor stained his character with vice or folly; but in five years contributed, says Zimmerman, more to the embel-

lishment of modern Rome than Augustus Cæsar did to ancient Rome in forty. The immense hospital, the four fine obelisks, the water-work, where he employed four thousand workmen, the improvements in the library, the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, placed upon Antonine's and Trajan's pillar, evince his munificent spirit. The distribution of his time alone can account for the vast works that he performed. Five hours he allotted then, to literature, seven to the cares of state, two to his private devotions, four to convivial recreation and society—the rest to sleep. When some of his counsellors grieved to see the Bible translated into Latin—"Oh, it will save those *noble souls*," said he, "who take no pains to learn Latin like the heretics." Some years, before, in fact, when Calvin died, they were afraid of sending Montalto legate to Geneva, lest he should set up an independent sect. But though, besides all his public works, he daily maintained three hundred poor out of his privy purse, at his demise the public coffers were left fuller than they had been by any christian sovereign: "And this," says he, "might any man do, who set his face against vice, the great devourer of money, time, and fame." His only sister, Camilla, was called into notice, her children were brought forward on every occasion, and nothing pleased him more than attentions to *them*. Yet although Philip II. sent jewels of enormous value to his niece, when she espoused the young Colonna, nothing could cure his hatred of the Spaniards; and when bigotted Olivarez, their ambassador, expressed his affliction that his Holiness had permitted a translation of Holy Writ; the Pope sitting profoundly silent, Olivarez observed it, and asked, "what employed his mind so, and kept it from attending?"—"I was just thinking, Sir," replied Sextus, "which of these windows

your excellency might be thrown out of, that so with the fewest bones broken, you might learn to address *Rome's master and your own* with more respect."—"These Spaniards," said he afterwards, "will poison me, I know they will." And so he thought they did at last: but, like Flavius Vespasian, his model in many things, he laboured for Rome's welfare to the very limits of temporal existence; and then calling Castagna, his old friend, close to him, "After *pears* *," says he, "come *chesnuts*, you know; and do not, dear Monsignore, keep fretting so about these heretics when you succeed, as I am confident you will, but remember 'tis the conversion, not the death of sinners which God requires." Castagna did succeed Peretti, but lived not to obey him. The Sfonderati Pope, Gregory the Fourteenth, cut from his dying mother, a noble Cremonese, by the Cæsarian operation, survived them not a year. Innocent IX. reigned but seven weeks; and Clement the Eighth's pontificate was left to close the century with a magnificent jublee, caused by the conversion, and adorned by the absolution of Henry IV.

The Cabinet of Wirth.

"*Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round.*"

ANECDOTE OF DR. DODDRIDGE, RELATED BY DR. JOHNSON.

DR. DODDRIDGE, being mentioned, he observed, that he was the author of one of the finest epigrams in the English language. It is in Orton's Life of him. The subject is his family-motto,—*Dum vivimus, vivamus*; which, in its primary signification, is, to be sure, not very suit-

* *Peretti* means little pears in Italian, and *Castagna*, means chesnuts.

able to a christian divine; but he paraphrased it thus:—

"Live, while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live, while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee."

GOLDSMITH.

I talked of the officers whom we had left to-day; how much service they had seen, and how little they had got for it, even of fame.—Johnson. "Sir, a soldier gets as little as any man can get."—Boswell. "Goldsmith has acquired more fame than all the officers last war, who were not generals."—Johnson. "Why, sir, you will find ten thousand fit to do what they did, before you find one who does what Goldsmith has done. You must consider, that a thing is valued according to its rarity. A pebble that paves the street is in itself more useful than the diamond upon a lady's finger."—I wish our friend Goldsmith had heard this.

He said, he was angry at Thrale, for sitting at General Oglethorp's without speaking. He censured a man for degrading himself to a non-entity. I observed, that Goldsmith was on the other extreme; for he spoke at all adventures.—Johnson. "Yes, Goldsmith, rather than not speak, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing him."—"I wonder, said I, if he feels that he exposes himself. If he was with two taylors"—"Or with two founders," said Dr. Johnson, (interrupting me,) "he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon, though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of."

A strange mistake occurred the other day, in the Kent Road:—A man servant who had a complaint in his eye, and had been told that nothing but couching would remove it, reading the word *Accoucheur* on the glass door of an apothecary, mistook the apothecary for an *oculist*, and applied to him to perform the operation. When the son of Æsculapius told him it was entirely out of his line, the man asked him what he meant by writing on his door that he was *a coucher?*

MATRIMONY.

The following singular advertisement appeared in the Belfast News Letter of the 10th ultimo:—

Co. Antrim, to wit. } By William Miller, Esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the said county.

This day John Wilson, of the town of Antrim, hosier, came before me, and voluntarily made oath on the holy evangelists, that he is promised by mutual consent to Elizabeth Brady, daughter of the late John Brady, of Antrim, to marry her and none other, the 6th day of September, 1799; and she likewise bound herself in the same contract at same time to marry no one but me, and deponent farther sayeth not.

JOHN WILSON.

Sworn before me this 28th day of Feb. 1801,

W. MILLER.

ON TRUTH,

ADDRESSDD TO THE JUVENILE READERS OF

THE MONTHLY VISITOR,

BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE, NOTTINGHAM.

THE advantages attendant on a rigid observance of truth, are so numerous and obvious, that it creates astonishment in every contemplative mind, that men should so far depart from principles of real interest, as to forsake its precepts: for whatever advantages we may promise ourselves in falshood and dissimulation, they are ever transient, and unsatisfactory; whilst its ill effects are no less numerous than permanent; it brings a man under an indelible stigma, and he invariably finds that all his assertions (even when strengthened by the oaths and imprecations, to which he necessarily has recourse), are received with every symptom of cautious incredulity.

Some people will tell ye of *innocent* lies, which, as they do no harm, cannot be criminal. It would be useless to enter into argument on this subject, let it suffice that they are *deceptions*, and such as no one of any sense of honour, or regard for his character, as a man of probity, will commit. They consist chiefly in exaggerations, or giving false colourings to the common occurrences of life, without any sinister view, and merely from a habit, which is so silly and despicable, that one would imagine none who are removed a degree from ideotcy, could possibly subscribe to it. Yet such characters are not uncommon, we have Will Marvells* in every rank, who exercise their ingenuity

† A character in Johnson's Idler, No. 49.

in embellishing what would otherwise appear insignificant, and as the ultimate reward of their pains, they have the pleasure of finding themselves treated with the contempt they deserve.

Another species of falshood, is that by which a person endeavours to avoid the danger and shame of any thing he has said or done, by dissimulation or prevarication; and is so infamously base and cowardly, that every one who has the least sense of honour, must spurn at its very idea. But of all the varieties of this mean vice, none is so dangerous or so criminal, as that which has its foundation in malice. Calumny strikes at the very source of the happiness of society, by effectually subverting that honourable confidence which ought to subsist amongst men; and he, who for the gratification of his individual petty passions, can secretly take from any one, what can never be restored—his reputation—is almost as great an enemy to society, and as base a villain, as the assassin who plunges his dagger into the bosom of his adversary whilst he sleeps in security.

In proportion as a liar is despised and hated, a man of probity and truth is honoured and respected. Of the justice of this assertion, the following anecdotes will afford striking examples—

Petrarch, the Italian poet, resided in the family of Cardinal Calonna, when a violent quarrel arose, the foundation of which that prelate was anxious to learn: assembling, therefore, all his houshold, he compelled them to take a solemn oath to represent all the circumstances attending it with fairness and impartiality; and even his brother, the Bishop of Lema, was not excepted from making the sacred assertion; but when Petrarch appeared, with an intent of following the bishop's example, the cardinal closed the book, saying, "As to you, Petrarch, *your word is sufficient.*"

A similar anecdote is related of Zenocrates, who was so universally honoured for his strict adherence to truth, that at a judicial cause of importance, wherein he was a witness, the judges unanimously declared, that *his bare word was sufficient, and exempted him from the usual oath.*

These are two of the many examples which are handed down to posterity, of the great deference paid to truth and integrity, and, in short, so fully must every one be convinced of the advantages resulting from a strict observance of this necessary virtue, that I am inclined to believe, that no man capable of impartial reflection would ever deviate from its precepts. Of this opinion was Lord Chesterfield, who affirms, that "one may judge of a man's truth by his degree of understanding.

Even the world attaches dishonour and infamy to the character of the liar; who, whilst he is sinking under the pressure of obloquy and disgrace, regrets too late his departure from those plain and unprincipled paths which lead to happiness.

To truth, even barbarians pay homage, it is the attribute of the deity, and ought to be the characteristic of man; who, when he forsakes its precepts, forgets his own welfare; for, to conclude with Archbishop Tillotson, "all other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last."

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.'

POPE.

DRURY LANE.

AFTER the performance of *Deaf and Dumb*, at Drury-lane, on Thursday, April 17, the following song was sung, in honour of the brilliant victory before Copenhagen.—The music, which is exceedingly fine, we understand, was composed by Mr. Kelly in the course of the day, and it was sung by him with rapturous applause, and universally encored. The words are as follow:—

Once more let fame her trumpet sound,
To speak our seamens' worth;
Once more those foes, whom envy join'd,
Have felt Britannia's wrath.

By PARKER and by NELSON led,
All opposition's vain;
At Copenhagen's gates our tars
Have crush'd the haughty Dane.

Again our guardian angel smiles,
Old England must be free;
Her sons proclaim her thro' the world
The mistress of the sea.

Her toils and labours to reward
Fell war at length shall cease,
And Denmark's fall, the signal be,
Of happiness and peace!

The above lines, we are informed, was transmitted to Covent-Garden theatre on the same evening, and received with distinguished applause.

April 25. This evening was produced a new tragedy, for the first time, under the title of JULIAN and AGNES. It is from the pen of the elegant Mr. Sotheby.—A German novel, entitled the *Exiles*, may, probably, have suggested the outlines of this production. The object of the poet is to delineate the exquisite sensibility and remorse of a noble soul, who, yet in the heat of criminal pas ion, had committed perjury to his wife, by wedding a damsel too virtuous to yield to his seduction, and who afterwards, from the provocation of a blow from the gallant brother of this injured girl, had stabbed him to the heart. The developement of this fable is extremely impressive; and we lament that a want of room precludes us from entering more into detail. The abilities of the author are well known to the public, and the piece will probably claim that attention which the merit of his former productions has justly entitled him to.

COVENT GARDEN.

April 23. The new comic opera of THE BLIND GIRL was represented at this theatre for the first time.

DRAMATIC PERSONÆ.

Don Gaillardo, Viceroy of Peru.....Mr. Munden.
Don Roderick.....Mr. Claremont.

Don ——, Son-in-law to the Viceroy..Mr. Betterton.
Don ——, his friend.....Mr. Waddy.
Sligo, an Irishman.....Mr. Johnstone.
Bonetto.....Mr. Townsend.
The Inca.....Mr. Hill.
Frederick, a Surgeon in the British Navy.....Mr. Incledon.
Splash, his servant.....Mr. Fawcett.
Donna Dolorosa Gaillardo.....Mrs. Mattocks.
Clara.....Mrs. H. Johnstone.

Scene—Lima.

Frederick, and his servant *Splash*, are thrown by shipwreck on the coast of Peru. They arrive in time to rescue a lovely blind girl, the daughter of *Bonetto*, from a licentious ravisher, the son-in-law of the viceroy. Her father, though inexpressibly grateful for the service, is too poor to reward it with aught but thanks. *Frederick* and *Clara*, the blind girl, become enamoured of each other. He infinitely enhances the merit of his first service, by a surgical operation, which restores her sight.

In the mean time, the viceroy's son-in-law, and two other debauchees, his companions, proceed in a wild career of loose pleasures. The former was the ravisher, from whom *Frederick* rescued *Clara*: *Don Roderick*, one of his friends, has violated the sister of the *Inca*. The third is a deceitful villain, already broken in his fortunes by gaming, and other profligate expenee. The *Inca* awaits, and at last seizes an opportunity to revenge his sister's wrongs and subsequent death, by assassinating *Don Roderick*. The vice-roy's son-in-law is defrauded by his other companion, of the sum of ten thousand pistoles, which he had put into the hands of *Bonetto*, for the purpose of getting *Clara* and her father within his power.

The viceroy is an honest and kind hearted old man, still fond of a wench and a bottle, sick of his

ugly wife, and impatient of the formalities of taste. His lady is homely, fretful, fond of him, and uneasy that she has not charms to fix his heart. *Sligo*, the Irishman, is the humourous yet honest confidant of both. *Frederick* has communicated to *Splash* the secret of the preparation of a cosmetic to array ugliness in beauty. *Donna Dolorosa*, the viceroy's lady, tries its efficacy with success. *Splash* is rewarded with the place of judge, just when the *Inca* is to be tried for the murder of *Don Roderick*, and when *Bonetto* is brought to be condemned by law to repay the ten thousand pistoles of which he had been swindled, *Splash's* sentence acquit both with great justice and humour. *Frederick* becomes the husband of *Clara*. All, but the dissolute, are, in the end, made happy.

We have not room to say more, than the performers in general did their best. Munden and Fawcett excited much merriment—and the songs by Incledon and Fawcett, (for a specimen of which see our Parnassian Garland) were loudly encored.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

The *fashionable world* at Botany Bay have their *theatricals* now in the first style; they possess a regular theatre, established at Sydney Town, where they have a very *skilful* troop of actors, and actresses, whose *performances* even in this country had previously entitled them to considerable *eclat*. The last night's pieces, when the advice vessel sailed thence, were filled by *distinguished personages!* who had formerly been *cast* for different *exits*, &c. The following is a correct copy of the play bill of the evening; and it is no overstrained compliment to remark, that not only the auditors, but even the actors themselves, were universally *transported!*

MRS. PARRY'S NIGHT.

(By Permission of his Excellency), at the Theatre, SYDNEY, Saturday, June 1, 1791, will be presented

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

Ap Hazard (for that night only), Mrs. Parry; Sir Charles Danvers, P. Parry;* Tom Seymour, J. White; Orville, W. Smith; Samuel, H. Parsons; Sir Bamber Blackletter, G. H. Hughes; Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. M'Cann;† Miss Union, Mrs. Radley; Lady Danvers, (for that night only) Mrs. Miller.

After the Play, a new Occasional Address‡ will be spoken by Mrs. Parry.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED

BON TON.

Sir John Trotley, G. H. Hughes;‖ Colonel Tivy, W. Smith; Lord Minikin, W. Knight; Jessamy, H. Parsons; Davey, J. White; Lady Minikin, Mr. Radley; Gymp, Mrs. Sparks;§ Miss Tittup, Mrs. Parry.

Boxes, 5s.—Front boxes, 3s. 6d.—Pit, 2s. 6d.—Gallery, 1s.

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* P. Parry, convict for life, late grocer in Oxford-street, London, highway robbery.

† Mrs. M'Cann, convict, by Britannia transport, for seven years, London; brothel-keeper, St. Mary-le-bone.

‡ Written by Michael Massey Robinson, clerk to judge advocate.

‖ Hughes, a printer, prisoner.

§ Sparkes came out a free woman, lives with Vandercomb, who is a steady fellow.

Frances Grosvenor, alias Fey, convict by Britannia transport, for seven years, from London — Cyprian corps. Pavoy, a quondam grocer, Oxford-street — Occasional performers.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR APRIL, 1801.

THE MINSTREL YOUTH,

(Concluded from Page 297.)

PART III.

HE to the warder cried aloud—
Down fell the drawbridge clanking;
This cross'd, the Minstrel pass'd along
Full many a jutting buttress strong,
Each inner angle flanking.

There dreary silence reign'd, as though
No mortal thither ventur'd!
Then through the vaulted gateway, strew'd
With many a hoary sculpture rude,
Henry undaunted enter'd.

As slow he trod the spacious court,
The vassals round assembled,
And welcom'd glad the minstrel swain,
The whilst a pity rousing strain
Upon his harpstrings trembled.

Beside a blazing fire he sate,
Reciting tales of laughter,
When suddenly the boisterous sound
Of Alric's voice re-echoed round
The corridor's high rafter.

And now before the Earl's compeers
He bow'd with lowly gesture;
Briskly the sparkling goblet went—
He struck the tuneful instrument,
That grac'd his flowing vesture.

He sung the pride of chivalry,
Renown'd in either story,
Pendragon Arthur, him whose sword,
Dread Calliburn, a thousand gored,
And hew'd a path to glory.

Whose prowess, through sage Merlin's aid,
Cäerleon's walls resounded;
Who, seated 'mid his worthies there,
With princely pomp, and festal cheer,
The old Round Table founded.

That good, but hapless king, he sung,
Who, with his neatherd housing,
E'en through the Dane's encampment stray'd,
An harper clad, and fearless play'd
Before their chiefs carousing.

Last sung he Henry, him, who fell
In Heaven's just cause a martyr,
What time on Acon's bloody field
Full many a knight his life did yield,
First boon of Nature's charter!

Here clos'd the strain—the thrilling chords
Had scarcely ceas'd vibration,
When Alric rose—pale, fear wrought streaks,
Swift spreading o'er his late flush'd cheeks.
Betray'd a strange sensation.

"Minstrel!" he cried, "thy song give o'er;
"Enough of tuneful sorrow—
"Henceforth my vassal shalt thou be,
"But pass this night a night of glee,
"And rest thee till the morrow."

——A month had now claps'd—the Earl
Proclaim'd a solemn tourney,
He sent his heralds forth to invite
Each lady fair, and gallant knight,
From parts far off to journey.

Bright rose th' appointed morn—around
The herald's arms were gleaming,
And now upon the tilting green
Marshals and seneschals were seen,
Their silken banners streaming.

Escorted by a trusty squire,
A stranger knight came riding;
In trappings clad a war-horse proud,
That champ'd his bit, and neigh'd aloud,
With reins so beauteous guiding.

Goodly his port—an hauberk's mail
And shield his body cover'd,
The satin surcoat, which he wore,
With golden scutcheons blazon'd o'er,
A true born knight discover'd.

High tower'd his casque, the grated bars
His features all disguising;
Upon his bearing was impress,
"Truth will at length prevail"—the crest
A sun, from clouds half-rising.

Throwing his gauntlet down, he bade
An herald cry—"This hour
"If that Earl Alric dare advance,
"An unknown knight will break a lance
"With him, our knighthood's flower."

'Tis answer'd—"To the unknown knight
"Thus sends Earl Alric greeting;
"With him he longs to try his strength,
"This instant at the javelin's length—
"Right hardy prove the meeting!"

On coalblack steed advanc'd the earl,
His cause's proud defender;
A falchion from his baldric swung,
Whose hilt, with gold and jewels hung,
Flash'd far a dazzling splendor.

Upon his plumed helmet sate
A sable vulture crested,
His buckler bore a gorgeous charge,
Of ribbed steel a corslet large
His sinewy limbs invested.

" Dost know me, Earl!" so spake the foe,
And high his beaver raises,
" Henry behold, the orphan youth,
" Him, who in minstrel guise, forsooth,
" So lately won thy praises.

" Nay, hear me out," continues he,
(A minstrel swain no longer)
" That Henry, whom intent to slay,
" Thou sent'st two ruffians to waylay,
" But Heaven hath prov'd the stronger!

" Yet, why this parley?—Come, Sir Earl!
" Prepare thee for the trial,
" And O may Heaven befriend the right!"
" Amen!" said Alric, " on the fight
" I rest my whole denial."

A still suspense ensued—anon
A charge the trumpets sounded—
With lance in rest, in mid-career
Furious they met—spear 'gainst spear
With forceful shock rebounded.

Onward again they spurr'd their steeds,
Their spears again protended,
And on each helm, each hauberk's plate
Frequent their curving falchion's weight
Unharming prone descended.

Ere long Earl Alric sudden wheel'd
Behind the youthful stranger,
But he the foeman's movement spied,
That instant dexterous glanc'd aside,
And scap'd th' impending danger.

Whilst thus the combat fierce they wag'd,
Now closing, now retreating,
Henry his bladed weapon rais'd,
And aim'd—the courser's flank it graz'd;
He plung'd, the Earl unseating.

Scarce had he remounted his steed,
And couch'd his long lance quivering,
When lo! young Henry's well aim'd thrust
Again low laid him in the dust,
His brittle cuirass shivering.

Groaning he fell—the hostile lance,
His illfenc'd bosom cleaving,
The lifeblood's purer channel crush'd,
And now the damp air chilly rush'd
Upon his heart slow heaving.

Soon as his helmet was unbrac'd,
Ah, wild his eyeballs started!
The dew of death his face o'erspread—
"Forgive me, Henry!" faint he said,
And with a sigh departed!

Henry is now the castle's lord,
His name to all endearing,
Yet oft o'er Julia's grave he sighs,
And to the peasant's cottage hies,
Their aged bosoms cheering.

Thus, thou for wisest ends just Heav'n
Permit usurping power
To shed its meteor glare awhile,—
Meek virtue through her tears shall smile,
And o'er her sufferings tower!

Lynn, February 1801.

TO THE

REDBREAST.

HARMONIC songster of the grove,
The cadence of thy notes I love;
And often list'ning to thy song,
Unheeded pass the hours along.

Thou bringest autumn's pleasing reign,
With plenty flowing in its train:
Rich waving grain adorns each field,
And yellow fruit the trees do yield.

When keenly blows the wintry blast,
And nature yields no soft repast;
To my warm cot then quickly fly,
And there I'll ev'ry want supply.

There, without danger may'st thou stray,
(And with thy songs the debt repay)
Till spring shall chace away the cold,
And bid the earth her charms unfold:

Then in the grove rejoin the feather'd train,
And with them welcome spring's return again.

Pontefract. H. V. SELWYN.

TO MISS E. B.

A MEMENTO OF FRATERNAL ESTEEM.

OFT for thy sake, thou dearest name,
My numbers can rehearse,
Of how I wish'd a poet's flame,
To breathe my soul in verse.

Yet tho' at distance genius stands,
And mocks me with the view,
Accept a tribute love demands,
But dulness pays to you.

That so, when ev'ry future year
Shall close its transient flight,
Tho' oceans wide, or desarts drear,
Divide thee from my sight.

Or tho' this heart, which now is warm'd
With more than nature's blaze,
Into a clay-cold clod transform'd,
To native dust decays.

Still may these lines that bosom greet,
Where once a brother hung;
Still may the senseless ink repeat
What once a brother sung.

And O, if dogg'rel rude can move,
Where Phœbus' self would fail,
Or, if the warmest wish of love
Fraternal might prevail.

And if amidst these realms of woe,
True bliss to man be giv'n,
Be your's the favour'd lot to know
That sublunary heav'n.

Be your's a large and boundless share,
And more than earth supplies,
Of peace serene, of joy sincere,
Of friends without disguise.

Be virtue your's, in rustic vest,
And hope for ever young,
And innocence, with tuneful breast,
In notes ætherial strung.

May science from her lonely cell
A frequent guest intrude,
For *she* can charm, without a spell,
The haunts of solitude.

But O, may pride's infernal form
Far from your breast retire;
For ever gnawing is its worm,
And quenchless is its fire.

And envy too—that hideous sprite,
On her own mis'ry bent;
With pale despair, corroding spite,
And meagre discontent.

Thus thro' each livid livelong day,
Till latest life's decline,
Shall joys unsullied mark your way,
And suns unclouded shine.

Then, if amidst such perfect bliss,
And in a mind so free,
One idly-wand'ring thought should rise,
Perhaps you'll think of me.

Stockwell,
Dec. 31, 1800.

AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE sullen winds sigh mournful o'er the plain,
From yonder steeple sounds the solemn knell,
That, loud and awful, never speaks in vain,
And what it now proclaims—the muse shall tell!

Thus says the village tale, LAURA IS DEAD!
Laura so fair, so tender, and so true;
From the base world her injur'd spirit's fled,
To seek that peace which here it never knew.

Ah! Laura! had I but thy tuneful lyre,
The matchless beauties of thy verse to sing;
That soaring, mounted with Promethean fire,
Or gave fresh beauties to the blushing spring.

Then would I censure the base world, so prone
To doubt thy heart, whose worth they could not know;
That often mourn'd for sorrows not its own,
And wept, in secret wept, for other's woe!

Ah, Laura! it was thine to bid distress
Fly from the humble dwellings of the poor,
To hear the lips of age thy bounty bless,
Which drove disease and famine from their door.

And it was thine, to bid the cheek of youth
Glow with the lustre of affection's rays;
To teach, with anxious care, the charms of truth,
And hear protected childhood lisp thy praise.

Soft was thy yielding heart, nor form'd to bear
Those torturing ills, to adverse fate allied?
To groan with anguish, agonize with fear,
Or brave, with sensate heart, the sneer of pride.

Yet it was thine, sweet shade, one bliss to prove,
That only souls, like thine, can truly prize
To see the tender tears of filial love,
Obscure the lustre of thy Mary's eyes.

To hear the smother'd sigh, when pain oppress'd
Thy languid limbs, and warp'd the graceful form;
To sooth with artless love thy tortur'd breast,
When faithless friendship rous'd the mental storm.

And it was her's, with pure angelic powers,
When shuddering nature own'd no art could save,
To bid religion sooth the waning hours,
And cheer with hope the terrors of the grave!

For thee, sweet maid! through life's still varying day,
May meek submission bid thy sorrows cease!
O'er thy quick pulses may reflection's ray,
With mildest radiance pour the balm of peace!

While MEDITATION, sober-minded maid,
Impressive, bids thee view thy mother's doom;
Ah! think, that beauty, grace, and wit must fade,
And nought but virtue live beyond the tomb!

ANNA.

LINES

Written when my Infant was pronounced past Hopes of Recovery. February 1801.

AND is there then no hope? can nothing save
My suffering infant from an early grave?
Is there no lenient balm—no drug of virtues rare,
To give relief—and chace away despair?
Alas! it cannot be—what then is mine,
But meek submission to the hand divine!
He yet may live, delusive hope, away,
I can no more believe, nor thou betray;
E'en *now* convulsive pains obstruct his breath,
He shrieks in anguish—shrieks, the note of death:
God of my life! Oh, hear a mother's prayer,
Struggling with anguish, and oppress'd with care!
Since hope is past, receive my suffering babe,
And take, in pity take, the life you gave;
And call his spirit to that happy shore,
Where pain shall cease, and death destroy no more!

CONCLUDED AFTER THE LAPSE OF A FEW DAYS.

'TIS past, sweet babe! thy transient race is run,
Swift has it past—scarce one revolving sun

Has run its course, since first, with hope and joy,
These trembling arms receiv'd my darling boy;
Fair was the promise—harmony and grace
Sat on his polish'd limbs, and deck'd his infant face,
Till pale disease, with withering aspect came,
Blighted my blossom—smote his tender frame;
With anxious care I watch'd each passing day,
And saw his early beauties slowly fade away;
When sleep was to his tender frame denied,
And theban drugs in part its place supplied;
How did my struggling heart—with sorrow sore,
Desire thy life—yet wish thy sufferings o'er;
I thought my eye could without sorrow see,
A change, that must give certain bliss to thee;
But *now*, I find that 'tis no easy part,
To banish sorrow from a mother's heart! ANNA.

FAVOURITE SONGS

IN THE

BLIND GIRL.

[For an account of which, see p. 399 of this Number.]

FREDERICK, BY MR. INCLEDON.

THE Brisish tar no peril knows,
But, fearless, braves the angry deep;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
He, tho' the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
When the steersman sings
Steady she goes—all's well.

While to the main-top yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but it no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true.
Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings,
When the seaman sings
Steady she goes—all's well.

The storm is pass'd, the battle's o'er,
Nature and man repose in peace;
Then, homeward bound, on England's shore
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease.
And his big heart sings
While the steersman sings
Steady she goes—all's well.

SPLASH, BY MR. FAWCETT.

To tell where I've been,
Or what fair one's I've seen,
In places where I my abode took,
I'm sure it would fill
A Chancery bill,
Or as long be as Paterson's Road-book.
First at Acton and Ealing,
Their faces I'm peeling,
At Ilchester and Dorchester,
And Chichester and Portchester,
At Woolwich and Highgate,
And Dulwich and Ryegate,
At Beckington and Oakingham,
At Buckingham and Rockingham,
At Brummagem
I rummage 'em,
At Deptford and Hampton,
At Bedford and Bampton,
At Harlow and Charmouth,
And Marlow and Yarmouth,
At Dartford and Darking,
And Harford and Barking.
At Wor'ster and Chester,
And Glo'ster and Leicester,
At Teddington and Amersham,
And Paddington and Feversham,
And Holyhead and Riverhead,
Maidenhead and Leatherhead.
In chaises and four, I've rattled off to Daventry,
And many is the time that I've been sent to Coventry.

Literary Review.

The Guerras Civiles; or, The Civil Wars of Granada, and the History of the Factions of the Zegries and Abencerrages, two Noble Families of that city, to the final Conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella. Translated from the Arabic of Abenhamin, a Native of Granada, by Gines Perez de Hita, of Murcia, and from the Spanish by Thomas Rodd. Vol. I. Vernor and Hood.

THE revolutions which took place in Europe during the middle ages, are involved in great darkness and obscurity. The subsequent revival of learning, indeed, rescued the events of some kingdoms from utter oblivion—Spain, in particular, has preserved a portion of her records, and the pleasing detail is presented in the volume now before us. There is, however, an air of romance running through the narrative, but perhaps it arises from the nature of the incidents which really took place, and which cannot fail of attracting our attention

The History is thus introduced by a paragraph in the Preface—"A powerful kingdom arose in Granada, which had been peopled at the first invasion of Spain by 10,000 horsemen of Syria and Irak, the children of the most noble of the Arabian tribes, who at first made the city of Almeria the seat of government, and residence of their kings, when, in 1236, Mahomet Alhamar ascended the throne, and transferred the government to the city of Granada, making it not only the capital of his kingdom, but of all the remaining

Moorish territories in Spain. Shortly after this period Valencia, Murcia, Seville, and Andalusia were taken by King Ferdinand the III. and his successors, notwithstanding which, the city and kingdom of Granada continued to flourish for the space of 255 years, till at length weakened by intestine divisions, it could no longer withstand the attacks of the united kingdoms of Castile and Arragon, and fell a prey to the triumphant arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. This was the period of Spanish glory—the Canary Islands were conquered about the same time, and the continent of America was also discovered by Columbus."

This interesting period of history, therefore, is here detailed with spirit and brevity. But what renders the account more pleasant, is the sketch of *tilts* and *tournaments*, for which this dark age was distinguished. With these diversions even our Queen Elizabeth used to entertain herself at Westminster. The feats of this kind performed in her presence, are said to have made her eyes sparkle with joy. The greatest splendour was exhibited on these occasions—whilst the spectators beheld the most surprising feats of activity.

Our readers will find an account of these diversions in the present number—and the extract will, at the same time, recommend itself by its peculiar novelty. It is oftentimes highly gratifying to turn our eye back on former ages, and to survey those customs and manners which, though once famous, are now consigned to forgetfulness. Such a retrospective glance will delight the imagination and improve the heart.

Ancient Ballads, from the Civil Wars of Granada, and the Twelve Peers of France. Dedicated by Permission to the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Cavendish. By Thomas Rodd. Vernor and Hood.

THE title page of this publication shews its connection with the work just reviewed, and furnishes us with many curious pieces of ancient poetry. The subjects are mostly of the plaintive kind, and are dictated by an enthusiasm grateful to our sensibility.

We have read them with pleasure, and recommend their perusal to the readers of our Miscellany.

A fair specimen of this poetry may be given by the transcription of the *Lamentations of a Moor for the Loss of Granada*, (page 89). They are principally of the same kind, relating in simple and easy verse, the exploits of the civil wars, and amourous adventures of certain knights famed in story. Dr. Percy has favoured the public with a few specimens, and here the man of taste cannot fail of receiving the amplest gratification.

Lyrical Tales. By Mrs. Mary Robinson. Longman and Rees.

THIS celebrated authoress has just paid the debt of nature, and this was the last production offered by her to the public, who had honoured her other pieces, both in prose and poetry, with a favourable reception. We, at present, say nothing of her history, but shall confine our attention to the *Lyrical Ballads* before us. They are characterised by a tenderness and simplicity which soothe and tranquillize the heart. The subjects are in general well chosen, and decorated by those flights of fancy for which the muse of Mrs. R. has been long and deservedly esteemed. The first, *All Alone*, is particularly pleasing, and will be found in our poetry for next month. Others of them, which appeared in a Morning Paper, were at the time thence transferred into our work, a circumstance which will be recollected by the attentive reader. Poetical pieces of merit, from whatever quarter they come, are sure of finding a place in our Miscellany.

Calvary; or, Death of Christ. A Poem, in Eight Books. By Richard Cumberland. A new Edition, in Two Volumes. Lackington, Allen, &c.

THE serious nature of the subbject demands the full exertion of the human powers for its due celebration. In this department of poetry MILTON

reigns supreme, and is entitled to our esteem and admiration. Every thing of the kind, after the perusal of Paradise Lost, loses its relish, and possesses a comparative insipidity. Mr. Cumberland, however, has taken the incidents of the four gospels, and put them into an easy kind of blank verse—on some of the topics he lets loose his imagination, and his additional remarks are calculated to aid our moral improvement. We should have been better pleased with the Poem had it avoided all controversial divinity, and rose occasionally to an appropriate sublimity. The plates are very neat and expressive, happily selected and elegantly executed. Indeed, great praise is also due to every part connected with its typography.

The Pleasures of Hope, with other Poems. By Thomas Campbell. Fourth edition, corrected and enlarged. Longman and Rees. *6s. in boards.*

WE noticed this elegant little work upon its first appearance, and bestowed that honourable meed of praise to which it is, in our opinion, entitled. We are happy to find that the public have been pleased to consider it in the same point of view, having honoured it by an extensive circulation.

HOPE is the most elevated passion of the mind—accompanies us through all the stages of life—nor quits us even in the approach of dissolution. It is that imperious sentiment by which we are led to combat difficulty—to surmount every obstacle—and to aspire after the honours of immortality. This passion is sure to be cherished by the generous mind, and lays a foundation for those virtues which invest the character of mankind with an attractive glory. On the other hand, the want of *hope* deadens every effort, and blasts every opening prospect of felicity.

Mr. Campbell has, in this poem, with the hand of true genius, delineated the *Pleasures of Hope* in their engaging variety. He has taken a wide sweep in his poetical excursion through nature and art—laying the most promising topics under contribution. We notice

with peculiar pleasure his remarks on the elevated *Hope of Immortality*, contained in the sacred writings. In these times such a subject is highly acceptable—nor do we think that he has spoken of the pernicious tendency of scepticism in terms of too great severity.

The plates are beautiful in point of subject and execution. Indeed, we hesitate not to declare, that the *Pleasures of Hope* are entitled to a large share of our approbation. The little pieces at the end proceed from the same pen, and may be read with pleasure and improvement. The last of which, though not the least in our estimation, we have introduced into our poetical department in the preceding number.

Poems, Moral and Descriptive. By Thomae Dermody. Vernor and Hood. 3*s. in boards.*

THESE poems present to us a pleasing variety, and discover a cultivated mind. The author deprecates the severity of criticism—but we feel no disposition to treat his production with severity. The modest muse is entitled to our candour and attention.

In the *Retrospect* (the principal poem in the volume), we find many descriptions of rural life happily pourtrayed — having delineated the benevolent landlord, there occurs the following interesting paragraph :—

" Thus lives the GOOD MAN! how a country sighs
With genuine anguish when the GOOD MAN dies;
Musing, behold athwart yon black'ning mead,
In solemn march his funeral pomp proceed,
Pride and protector of the mournful throng,
Sad burthen! see him slowly mov'd along,
Far off the long procession's dusky hue,
Now ent'ring at the churchyard-gate I view,
And now, while its new guest looks down from heav'n,
Falls the full tear, and dust to dust is giv'n;
From hearts his bounty eas'd, what sorrows rise!
That last shriek was his passport to the skies!
Ye thoughtless great, with supercilious eye,
Daily who pass the naked wanderer by,

Who grudge one mite of that enormous store
You idly squander, to the shivering poor;
How can you talk of sympathies refin'd,
The liberal spirit, and the extensive mind?
O! witness heaven! with heart and door unshut,
The labouring hind that shrinks into his hut,
Whose latch the mendicant may freely raise,
Nor for the little alms exhaust his praise,
More virtue oft, more native honour knows,
Than grandeur strutting in his birth-day clothes.
I see him, having prest his homely fare,
Pursue some cherish'd trav'ler with a pray'r,
And thank in secret the indulgent sky,
That gave him power to wipe the weeping eye.
Cherubic CHARITY! how soft a show'r
Of balm benign thy silent favours pour,
In the dark dungeon how thy presence charms,
Aims the fond hope, the blighted project warms,
Pervades with open hand the sorrowing earth,
And to misfortune lends the laugh of mirth;
In thy most winning, most resistless mien,
Thou deign'st to visit the sequester'd scene,
There the sick couch from ruder blast defend,
And art its best physician and its friend!"

The *Pursuit of Patronage*, and the *other pieces*, are ingeniously written—but the *Elegiac Expostulation to the Unfortunate Taylor*, contains a vein of humour which made us smile, and which, at a future period, we may introduce into the Parnassian Garland.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR APRIL, 1801.

IN our article for March, we expressed ourselves with diffidence respecting the measures taken to break the northern confederacy. We have it now in our power to convey more certain information on this important subject.

Sir Hyde Parker and *Lord Nelson* having for some time past sailed for the Baltic, passed the Sound on the 30th

of last month, with little molestation. They soon met the Danish fleet not far from Copenhagen, and on the 2d instant a most bloody engagement took place, in which the Danes were at length defeated. Lord Nelson led on the attack with his usual intrepidity. The battle lasted *four hours*. To use his lordship's own words—" I made the signal for the squadron to weigh and to engage the Danish line, consisting of six sail of the line, eleven floating batteries, one bomb ship, besides schooner gun-vessels. These were supported by the Crown Islands, mounting eighty-eight cannon, and four sail of the line moored in the harbour's mouth, and some batteries on the island of Amak. The bomb-ship and the schooner gun-vessels made their escape, *the other seventeen sail* are sunk, burnt, or taken, being the whole of the Danish line to the southward of the Crown Islands !" Such is the admiral's account of this victory. We find, however, that it was dearly bought, as it has since appeared that our ships have been greatly disabled, and near a *thousand* of our men killed and wounded. The Danes fought with astonishing bravery—but our victory would have been more complete, were not our vessels hampered by the narrowness of the sea where the fight happened. As it is, we must acknowledge it to be well fought by both parties—but the consequences could not fail of being shocking to humanity.

Immediately after this event, a truce was entered into, allowing the Danes a certain portion of time, in which *our* and *their* courts might come to some amicable termination. It is most sincerely wished that there will be no more blood shed on the occasion. While our loss is stated to be considerable, the Danes are supposed to have lost *double the number*. What a pity ! that the misunderstandings between nations cannot be rectified without having recourse to such scenes of horror and devastation.

Our fleet has proceeded up the Baltic, and we shall, most probably, by next month, have it in our power to detail their proceedings against Sweden and Russia, the other powers which constitute the northern confederacy.

In the mean time, we have particularly to notice the *very sudden death* of the EMPEROR PAUL, who, on the 25th of last month, was found dead in his bed! It is supposed he was carried off by an apoplexy. Be this as it may, and no further particulars have yet transpired, we must now look to his son and successor ALEXANDER—a youth of whom report speaks very favourably—though it is imagined he will adhere to the confederacy already formed against us. He has, however, given orders for the release of the English prisoners. In his *ukase*, or proclamation, he has these words, after declaring the high respect and veneration in which he should always hold the memory of his late father—"Being educated in the principles which have governed and adorned the reign of my illustrious grandmother, and under which the empire of Russia has acquired high distinction among the nations of Europe, it is my determination to adopt her system, and to renew those treaties which she made so advantageously for the empire."

The seizure of *Hanover* by the king of Prussia, occasions a variety of speculations. This measure indeed, as well as the seizure of English property at *Hamburgh*, creates a general alarm, and cannot fail of being injurious to this country.

As we expressed our joy at the expiration of the *suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act*, so we are sorry to find that suspension almost instanteneously renewed.

The increasing importation of *corn* will, we trust, produce a lasting reduction of its price—great quantities, we are informed, are on their way both from the continent and from the United States of America. The heart of every good man must rejoice in the prospect. The most lamentable instances of poverty and distress have, we believe, occurred for some months past, in different parts of Great Britain!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

HODRY, Uxbridge, liquor-merchant. J. R. Bolton, Princes-street, Hanover-square, money-scrivener. J. East, Princes-street, Soho, upholsterer. M. Levine, Westminster-road, Surry, chinaman. M. Mammatt, Birmingham, grocer. H. Cowley, Dock, Devonshire, vintner. J. Hart, Cambridge, innkeeper. J. Blomeley, Manchester, ditto. W. Fish, Norwich, haberdasher. T. Turner, Trowbridge, Wilts, grocer. J. Nicholson, Jos Nicholson, and James Walker, Halifax, Yorkshire, printers. J. and W. Scott, Gainsford-street, Southwark, tallow-chandlers. Geo. Fletcher, Knightsbridge, hackneyman. J. Amos, Holborn-hill, mercer. J. Paul, Winchester, hardwareman. R. Rason, Birmingham, grocer. T. West, Blackburn, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. G. Knight, Liverpool, glass-manufacturer. J. Davis, Liverpool, linen-draper. J. Hawkins, Leicester, currier. H. Penn, Kidderminster, worsted-manufacturer. G. Gwinnett, Bristol, cornfactor. Jos. Walton, Birmingham, rope-maker. E. Mottershead, Manchester, victualler. J. Bates, Birmingham, woollen-draper. J. H. Bobart, New Woodstock, Oxon, mercer. J. Bewick, Monkwearmouth Shore, Durham, butcher. J. Rickets, Bristol, toy-maker. W. Pretyman, Great Tower-street, cooper. W. Rosthorn, Broadway, Westminster, victualler. Nat. Tanner, Essex-street, Strand, dealer. G. Ansell, White Cross-alley, Shoreditch, watch-spring-maker. W. Spencer, Saffron-hill, victualler. C. Moody, Longtown, Cumberland, dealer. Eben. Tipping, Liverpool, soap-boiler. T. Jones and J. Harrison, High-Holborn, manufacturers. S. Shore, of Manchester, victualler. J. Hunter, late of Rye, Sussex, common-carrier. J. Green, of Manchester, patten-maker. J. Rowan, Burton-upon-Trent, hawker and pedlar. Sus. and J. Scott, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, haberdashers. J. Houlding, late of Preston, Lancashire, dealer in liquors. G. Bakewell, Birmingham, baker.

A. Mead, West Wycombe, Bucks, chair-maker. J. Draper, Sherrard-street, Middlesex, cabinet-maker. Patrick Ker, Old Jewry, London, merchant. Jos. Alder, St. John-street, Clerkenwell, cabinet-maker. J. Allcroft, Mansfield Woodhouse, Nottingham, maltster. T. Lott, Bath, baker. J. Glover, Kensington, Middlesex, stone-mason. W. Brown, Wymondham, Norfolk, tanner. A. Smith, Wardour-street, Soho, taylor. T. Verstille, Leadenhall-market, butcher. T. Price, Walcot-place, Lambeth, money-scrivener. Ja. Dawson, Liverpool, master-mariner. H. Staunton, Rainhill, Lancashire, innkeeper. Jos. Hudson, Derby, dealer in wines and spirituous liquors. James Partington, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant. Susan. and J. Metcalf, Golden-leg-court, Cheapside, hosiers. T. Winterbourn and C. Gardner, Carey-street, taylors. J. Wood, now or late of Manchester, machine-maker. T. and J. Bellamy, Birmingham, japanners. J. Ibbett, Crown-street, Finsbury-square, shoemaker. J. Andrew, Manchester, and T. Mason, St. Swithin's-lane, London, cotton-merchants. T. Chatterton and E. Wells, Brenchley, Kent, hat-makers. F. J. Albers, Green-lettice-lane, Cannon-street, merchant. G. Dacre, late of Husselbury, Hampshire, dealer. J. Williams, Quebec-street, Mary-le-bone, baker. T. Farrow, York, dealer in spirituous liquors. T. Gidden, Abingdon, Berkshire, currier. J. Hodgson, New-road, St. George's in the East, merchant. R. S. Bennett, Houndsditch, hatter and hosier. A. Webb, Great Tower-street, merchant.

BIRTHS.

Of sons: the lady of A. Angelo, in Howland-street the lady of G. H. Rose, Esq. M. P. Of daughters: the Countess of Harborough; the lady of D. Foss, Esq. Portman-street; of N. Baker, Esq. M. P. in Hill-street; of Lieut. Rowed, at Seaforth.

MARRIAGES.

Lord Morpeth to Lady G. Cavendish. Mr. Daniel Mocatta, of Leman-streer, to Miss Ann Goldsmid, youngest daughter of G. Goldsmid, Esq. of Clapham-Common. Lord Whitworth to the Duchess of Dorset,

Mr. Sherwood, of Bank-street, to Miss Russel, of Holborn. J. Emes, Esq. of Paternoster-Row, to Miss Robins, of Stretingham, Norfolk. H. Kollie, Esq. of Addle-street, to Miss Horton, of Newgate-street. At Canterbury, the Rev. P. Le Geyt to Miss Cairnes. Sir Jo. Arundel, of St. John's Hall, to Miss S. A. Sharp, of Doctors' Commons. Major W. Campbell, of the 35th regiment, to E. Turner, sister of the baronet. Lieut. Col. Kirkman, of the 52d regiment, to Mrs. Buck, of Dadson, Devon. V. Stuckey, Esq. of the treasury, to Miss J. Stuckey, of Langport, Somerset.

DEATHS.

Mr. John Vowel, aged 94, he had been a liveryman of the stationers' company 69 years. At Wokingham, Mr. Holton, shoemaker—he had 22 children by his first wife, and 16 by his second. Mr. T. Davies, City Road. Excepting a few trifling legacies, he has left his property to various charitable institutions, the principal of which is 5000l. to build and endow alms-houses for 12 poor persons, and the residue of his property, 22,000l. to the Orphan-School, City Road. The deceased has four sisters, besides other relatives! At Bolton Abbey in Craven, Francis Fentiman, aged 101. He enjoyed for a century an almost uninterrupted state of health. At Lisbon, the Hon. J. D. Colyear, son of the Earl of Portmore. At Hay, aged 73, Rear-Admiral Howarth. Miss A. daughter of J. Baring, Esq. M. P. At Chirchurst, aged 72, Mrs. A. Robinson, sister to the admiral. At Teignmouth, Admiral Goodall. M. Nelson, Esq. secretary to the navy board, and brother of the peer, of a brain fever.